

June 26, 1926

CADETS

Command Official Headquarters

in Winnipeg as follows:

at 3 p.m.
River Park

appointments.
features of the gathering
and get one.

Coming Events

LT-COLONEL McLEAN
Nelson .. Fri.-Thurs., June 25-July 1
Vancouver Prison .. Sun., Aug. 1
Chilliwack .. Sat.-Thurs., Aug. 7-12
LT-COLONEL COOMBS
(Field Secretary)
Winnipeg Rink .. Mon., June 28
(Commissioning of Cadets)

Home League Fixtures

MRS. BRIGADIER WHATLEY AND
MRS. MAJOR MERRETT
Winnipeg III .. Wed., June 30
MRS. LT-COLONEL COOMBS
Winnipeg I .. Mon., June 21
Winnipeg II .. Tues., June 22
MRS. LT-COLONEL PHILLIPS
Winnipeg I .. Wed., June 30
Winnipeg II .. Fri., June 25
MRS. BRIGADIER WHATLEY
Winnipeg III .. Wed., June 30
Winnipeg IV .. Tues., June 29
MRS. BRIGADIER DICKERSON
Winnipeg .. Thurs., June 24
MRS. ADJUTANT STEELE
Winnipeg .. Wed., June 30

ADJUTANT DAVIES

Brandon .. Thurs., July 8
Indian Head .. Fri., July 9
Regina .. Sat., Sun., July 10, 11
Loose Jaw .. Mon., July 12
Tangle Creek .. Tues., Wed., July 13, 14
Medicine Hat .. Thurs., July 15
Calgary .. Fri.-Sun., July 16-18
Winnipeg .. Mon., Tues., July 19, 20
Victoria .. Wed., July 21
ADJUTANT DAVIES
Saskatoon .. Tues., Aug. 10
Nelson .. Thurs., Aug. 12
Carleton Place .. Fri., Aug. 13
Winnipeg .. Sat., Sun., Aug. 14, 15
Winnipeg .. Tues., Aug. 17
Winnipeg .. Thurs., Aug. 19
Winnipeg .. Fri., Sat., Aug. 20, 21
Winnipeg .. Sun.-Tues., Aug. 22-24
Winnipeg .. Wed., Aug. 25
Winnipeg .. Thurs., Aug. 26
Winnipeg .. Fri., Sat., Aug. 27, 28
Winnipeg .. Tues., Aug. 31
Winnipeg .. Sun., Aug. 29
Winnipeg .. Wed., Sept. 1

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER
BRAMWELL BOOTH GENERAL

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

VOL. VII. No. 27. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, July 3, 1926

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



On July 5th, Founder's Day, we honor the memory of William Booth, the Army's first General. The little girl in the above photo is the Founder's youngest granddaughter, Muriel Booth-Tucker, now a Captain in the British Field. A biographical sketch of the Founder by Harold Begbie will be found on Page 3.

AN UNCHANGING CHRIST

By THE ARMY FOUNDER

THE world is a world of change from the beginning of life to the end. Many of its changes are usual and profitable, and therefore, interesting and desirable. For instance, there are the seasons. Winter changes into spring, then comes summer, which is followed by autumn, and then we have winter again. What interest, profit and pleasure these changes impart to our lives!

Again, there is the weather. We are always complaining of its fickleness—at least some of us are; but only think of the benefits the changes about which we grumble too heartily often bring to us. We should not like to be always hot or always cold, however much we may prefer at times to have a long spell of either the one or the other.

Then there are the changes from poverty to riches, from riches to poverty, from bondage to liberty, and again, from liberty to bondage, which we often hear about. All these things have their advantages, for—He knows not the worth of health and freedom,

Who has been always well and always free. Then there are the changes of comradeship and command which we, as Salvationists, are constantly experiencing. The coming and going of the Officers of the Corps, or of the Division, or even of those in higher positions still, making things not only more useful, but more lively.

Childhood to Maturity

And then the changes which belong to our passing from childhood to youth and from youth to maturity, are also of great interest. What a different thing life would have been had we all come into the world full-grown men and women! And yet I do not think such an arrangement would have been as good for us, or that we should have liked it so well as the present one.

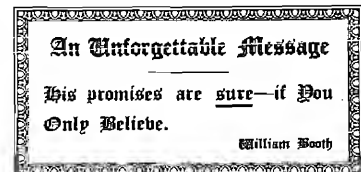
Again, there is the change that comes last of all—the passing out of time into eternity. Death is, at best, a mournful event, but none of us who has a good hope of the change from earth to Heaven would wish to continue in this world for ever. Although we shrink from parting with our loved ones when they pass away before us, or reluctantly leave them behind when our departure precedes theirs, the hope of meeting them again adds a charm to the Celestial World which it could not possibly have otherwise possessed.

But there are some changes which cannot be considered either profitable or desirable. For instance, there is backsliding—going back on pledges; breaking your vows to your Lord; deserting the Flag; leaving your com-

rades to struggle forward as best they can; throwing up your hope of Heaven, and crucifying your Saviour afresh. That is a shameful and distressing change. If anyone now reading this message has been guilty of such conduct, and has not repented and returned to the Lord, let me implore him to make the change from the miserable conditions of the prodigal in the far country to the gladness and plenty of the Father's heart and arms.

Some personal changes are deplorable. For two hearts and lives once joined together in close affection, like David's and Jonathan's, to be separated in spirit and action, must be a distressing change indeed, no matter how the severance may have been brought about. But when those hearts belong to members of the same family the change is more painful still.

When, on account of sickness, or old age, or for any other cause, children get tired of their parents, count them a burden, throw off their guidance, and leave them to their



fate, they neglect one of their most sacred duties, and displease Him Who said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

What a calamity it must be when a husband's affection for his wife, or a daughter's love for her mother, changes into indifference, hatred, or something more dreadful still! It seems to me that there is only one change which could cause more pain to a human heart, and that would be if the Saviour were to change.

Think, only think, what it would mean if the Saviour were to change!

So that He could no longer make His sun to rise and His rain to fall on the evil and on the good; if He could no longer bestow His convincing, guiding, comforting Spirit; if He were to grow weary of interceding at the Father's right hand; if He could no longer forgive repentant sinners or perform other works of mercy—can you realize how calamitous that change would be?

But—ten thousand Hallelujahs!—there is a Friend who changes not! His name is Jesus! As the good old song has it:

One there is above all others—

Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe, the next deceive us;
But this Friend will never leave us—
Oh, how He loves!

He is the same yesterday, and today, and for ever. That means He loves us as much today as He did the hour He came down from Heaven to save us.

Oh, how He must have loved you, my comrades on that day, to face for you the humiliation, hardship, scorn, and suffering that He endured! And I want you to see and feel that He loves you just as much today.

He knew all about your unworthiness; He foresaw your unfaithfulness; He realised the poor return you would make for His love; but these things did not deter Him from coming. He has not altered. He has not given you up. You have not worn out His compassion. He still has the same pitying love for you. He is just the same today. He loves you the same as He did at that solemn moment when He died for you.

Job says: "All that a man hath will he give up for his life." Jesus gave up His life for you. What a love that must have been!

You may have friends who would be willing to give their money, or their time, or their country, to save you from suffering or death, but very few who would give up their lives. But Jesus gave up His life for you. What a love that must have been! And He loves you as well today as He did when He broke His mighty heart for you on the Cross. He loves you as well as when He called you to be His son or His daughter.

A Wonderful Moment

Do you remember that hour when He whispered in your heart, "Your sins are all forgiven," and when He said, "Follow Me"? Oh, what a wonderful moment that was! And He loves you just as much today as He did then. He will never fail you.

But, oh, let me ask, "Have you changed? Are you the same to Him?"

You loved Him in the days gone by. You worshipped Him. You praised Him. You spoke of His love with great delight to whomsoever would listen. Are you the same today?

You served Him. It was your joy to stand up for Him in the street; to testify for Him; to give Him your time, your money, your children, your life. Is it your delight to fight for Him today? If you can say "Yes," then I rejoice with you.

But if any change has taken place in your assurance, in your joy or in your usefulness, the cause lies with you, for He is "the same yesterday, and today, and for ever."

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Isaiah 49: 1-16. "He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water." The Lord Who redeems His people becomes their tender Shepherd and faithful Guide. No harm can befall them while they follow Him. They shall not want for food, for shelter from the heat, for rest and refreshment by the way, for a plain, straight pathway, (vv. 9, 10, 11).

"Lord, our only Hope and Guide. Keep us ever at Thy side. Moving on to Zion's hill. Homeward still!"

Monday, Isaiah 50: 4-11. "He wakeneth mine ears to hear as they that are taught." (Revised Version.) This is what God means your daily Bible-Reading to be to you. If you will only listen He will teach you, explain difficulties, and keep you from making mistakes. Surely it is worth while rising a little earlier to get His help and blessing.

Tuesday, Isaiah 51: 1-8. "Ye that know righteousness... fear ye not the reproach of men." George Muller, of Bristol, giving his experience, says: "The Lord led me to see what is my true glory in this world, even to be despised with Christ. I saw that it ill becomes the servant to seek to be rich and great and honored in that world where His Lord was poor and mean and despised."

Wednesday, Isaiah 51: 9-16. "Afraid of a man... forgettest the Lord." How terribly afraid we are of each other! We think of people's likes and dislikes, their ridicule and disapproval, and all the time we forget to ask what God thinks and what He wants us to do. Let us seek His approval first, then the fear of others will cease to hinder us, and we shall be strong to do our duty.

Thursday, 2 Corinthians 1: 1-11. "God... comforteth us... that we may be able to comfort." Sorrow and suffering often bring to us gifts which

could never otherwise be ours. The comfort of God, and skill to comfort others are two of the most precious of these.

When, in our sorrow, we turn to "the God of all comfort," and receive strength to bear it with a brave, patient spirit, from us there passes silently to those about us strength and comfort and encouragement.

Friday, 2 Corinthians 1: 12-24. "All the promises of God in Him are yea." "But the tree of the Promises will not drop its fruits, unless shaken by the hand of prayer." "Ask and ye shall receive." Let us ask then in the name of Jesus and with the simple faith and definiteness of children.

"For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much."

Saturday, 2 Corinthians 2: 1-7. "Who is sufficient for these things?" The world is asking for a religion which

satisfies and is sufficient for the little day cares of life as well as for its great sorrows. Do our lives answer this question by showing that we have not even given enough for ourselves, and so cannot attempt to help others?

Holiness Gems

Holiness is indispensable to complete usefulness.

That cannot be Christianity which is not aggressive.

Resolute to be perfect in yourselves not of yourselves.

The nearer we get to Calvary the more our resolutions become.

Indwelling sin is not only the sting of death, but the very hell of hell.

It is precious when we see as we believe, but yet more blessed to be, and not see.

July 3, 1926

WILLIAM BOOTH

WILLIAM BOOTH is likely to be one of the most significant figures in human history. The eyes of those who come after us, I believe, will be turned to him in making these pages.

If I have succeeded in my work, post it will be able to feel something of the power of William Booth's personality, to understand how it was his spirit that touched the human heart in so many lands and in almost all the varied circumstances of mortal life.

From a study of the Nottingham book, it would seem that the unchronicled occurrence of William Booth's birth in 1829 was preceded and accompanied by events almost as horrible and alarming as any that ever intimidated the delicate inhabitants of a civilized English town. Nature at that time showed her most ferocious face to the midland capital; a man, who is said to have had no difficulty exceeding these excesses of environment. It was a period of tremendous storm and of horrible brutality; of thunder lightning and devastating rains; of hidden crimes and outrageous destitution. No



How William Booth received his religious impression.

When just a lad he walked one day into a humble shoemaker named Greaves, whose kindly life had often struck him. "Willie Booth," said the old man with the tenderness of a father, "do you know I religion comes to you from outside of you?" The idea haunted the boy, and made him enquire further what the shoemaker mea-

months before the birth of William Booth the town was swept and flooded by the most angry tempest within living memory. Three days after his birth immense masses of rock gave way both in the center of the town and in the then neighboring hamlet of Sneinton, plunging down many hundreds of tons upon the houses beneath.

The house in which William Booth was born is still standing and is still known by its former designation, 12 Nottingham Place, Nottingham.

In the house, then, William Booth, the greatest religious force of modern days, and one of the most picturesque and heroic figures of the nineteenth century, was born on the 10th day of April, 1829.

Childhood and Parents

It is hard to be quite evident that William Booth's childhood was unhappy. I think he got no help at all from his mother. Mary Booth, his mother, had been absorbed during her married life in the anxiety and the speculations of her husband's speculations. She seems to have felt her poverty and to have shrunk from the world's consequence. She worked for children, she nursed her husband in his last illness, she did all she could to avert the catastrophe of ruin; but she was a sad, silent and tragic figure.

WILLIAM BOOTH—Founder of the Salvation Army

By Harold Begbie

WILLIAM BOOTH is likely to remain for many centuries one of the signal figures in human history. Therefore, to paint his portrait faithfully for the eyes of those who come after us, has been my cardinal consideration in preparing these pages.

If I have succeeded in my work, posterity will be able to feel something of the power of William Booth's personality, and to understand how it was his spirit could reach the human heart in so many lands and in almost all the varied circumstances of mortal life.

From a study of the Nottingham date book, it would seem that the unchronicled occurrence of William Booth's birth in 1829 was preceded and accompanied by events almost as horrible and alarming as any that ever intimidated the decent inhabitants of a civilized English town. Nature at that time showed her most ferocious face to the midland capital; and man, who is said to begin where nature ends, seems to have had no difficulty in exceeding these excesses of environment. It was a period of tremendous storms and of horrible brutality; of thunder, lightning and devastating rains; of hideous crimes and outrageous destitution. Nine

that threatened home, and the soul determines to act with decision. He came nearer to the great step at the services in which he took part, at the occasional class meetings, where he answered the questions of his leader concerning the state of his soul; but he could not bring himself to the actual deed of public surrender. Something held him back. It was the memory of sin. "The inward Light revealed to me," he says, "that I must not only renounce everything I knew to be sinful, but make restitution, so far as I had the ability, for any wrong I had done to others before I could find peace with God."

"The entrance to the Heavenly Kingdom was closed against me by an evil act of the past which required restitution. In a boyish trading affair I had managed to make profit out of my companions, whilst giving them to suppose that what I did was all in the way of generous fellowship. As a testimonial of their gratitude they had given me a silver pencil case. Merely to return their gift was comparatively easy, but to confess the deception I had practised upon them was a humiliation to which for some days I could not bring myself.

The Burden Rolled Away

"I remember, as if it were but yesterday," he goes on, "the spot in the corner of the room under the closet, the hour, the resolution to end the matter, the rising up and rushing forth, the finding of the young fellow I had chiefly wronged, the acknowledgment of my sin, the return of the pencil case, the instant rolling away from my heart of the guilty burden, the peace that came and the going forth to serve my God and my generation from that hour.

"I felt that I could willingly and joyfully travel to the ends of the earth for Jesus Christ, and suffer anything imaginable to help the souls of other men.

"One reason," he says, "for the victory I daily gained from the moment of my conversion was, no doubt, my complete and immediate separation from the godless world. I turned my back upon it, I gave it up, having made up my mind beforehand that if I did go in for God I would do it with all my might."

The greatest influence upon William Booth was exercised, beyond all question, by the American evangelist, James Caughey, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This man attracted enormous crowds to Wesley chapel, and brought about an undoubted revival of religion in the town. It exercised a profound influence upon William Booth's astonishing career.

The visit of James Caughey occurred at this time. William Booth caught fire from the flame of the revivalist's oratory. He was deeply and pervasively influenced by the uncompromising realism of the American preacher. He went to all the services he could attend, he joined in the singing of some of Charles Wesley's triumphant battle songs, he witnessed scenes of conversion which were extraordinary in excitement, and he saw the lives of many of his neighbors the veritable miracle of a new birth. Here, at last, was a religion in action, the real and living religion of his dreams. He gave himself up to it thought of scarcely anything else, and presently was laid by with a raging fever.

A Rallying Message

While he tossed on his bed, over the dim, shabby shop in which Widow Booth sold tape and cotton, a message was brought to him from Will Sansome, the best companion of his youth—a message which very probably saved his life. Sansome sent word to him that he was starting an open-air mission in the slums of Nottingham, and bade him get well quickly and come and help him. Here was the medicine and the word in one man; it was like a trumpet call to his drooping soul; and he rose from his bed as soon as he had strength to stand, and went back to his work and out, for the first time to religious activity.

The life of the man begins from 1846, the time of his call to the open-air work. William Booth, the leader of everything, was shy and self-conscious of speaking in the open or of speaking at all in public.

He joined in the services but would neither preach nor pray.

William Booth contented himself with standing in the group, with singing in the hymns, with exclaiming "Amen" in the prayers and with speaking privately to those who surrounded the company.

But the influence of David Greenbury effected a change. He urged upon the young man that it was his duty to speak, that he owed it to God to conquer his timidity, which was a form of selfishness.

With the same abandon that had characterized his surrender two years before to the urgency of conscience, he now not only threw himself into the work of preaching, but became the recognized leader of the group.

"The Meetings we held," he says, "were very remarkable for those days. We used to take a chair out into the street and one of us mounting it would give out a hymn which we then sang with the help of, at the most, two or three people. Then I would talk to the people, and invite them to come with us to a Meeting in one of the houses."

Once, while he was preaching in Pump Street, a man who had stopped to listen suddenly shouted out, shaking his fist at the preacher, "You liar!" And William Booth just looked at him and said in a very soft, kindly voice, "Friend, it was for you He died: stop and be saved." He was always like that.

An Apostle to Lads

William Booth made himself an apostle to the lads of Nottingham slums; he preached to them in the open, gathered a circle about him, and was on fire to



How William Booth received his first religious impression.

When just a lad he walked one day into the shop of a humble shoemaker named Gregory, whose saintly life had often struck him.

"While Booth," said the old man with all the tenderness of a father, "do you know that religion comes to you from outside of you?"

The idea haunted the boy, and made him enquire further what the shoemaker meant.

Months before the birth of William Booth the town was swept and flooded by the most angry tempest within living memory; three days after his birth immense masses of rock gave way both in the center of the town and in the then neighboring hamlet of Sneinton, plunging down in many hundreds of tons upon the houses beneath.

The house in which William Booth was born is still standing and is still known by its former designation, 12 Nottingham Place, Sneinton.

In the house, then, William Booth, the greatest religious force of modern days and one of the most picturesque and heroic figures of the nineteenth century, was born on the 12th day of April, 1829.

His Childhood and Parents

It appears to me quite evident that William Booth's childhood was unhappy. I think he got no help at all from his father, and very little encouragement from his mother. Mary Booth, his mother, appears to have been absorbed during the whole of her married life in the anxieties and disquiet of her husband's speculations. She seems to have led her poverty and to have shrunk from the world in consequence. She worked for her children, she nursed her husband in his last illness, she did all she could to avert the final catastrophe of ruin, but she was a somber, sad, silent and tragic figure in



A zealous young preacher.

As a young man the Founder often had to run home after conducting a Sunday night meeting in order to avoid being shut out of his lodgings.

bring them within the fold of the Methodists. If he was happy kneeling in the streets at night and praying with them he desired to be happier still by praying with them on Sunday, praying with these ragged toughs and roughs within the sacred walls of Wesley Chapel. And so it came about one Sunday that he marched his first regiment of the ragged and neglected into the aisles of the most respectable Temple, conducted them into one of the best pews he could find and sat among them almost quivering with satisfaction and delight. But the effect of this invasion was not what he had hoped. The young enthusiast was called before authority, was argued with, was instructed and finally told that he might bring these outcasts into the chapel only if he entered by the back door (invisible behind the pulpit) and seated his converts in obscure benches reserved particularly for the impecunious and shabby.

Opposed by Family

At the beginning of his religious zeal he was opposed by his family. His efforts to spiritualize the life of his home were met with impatience and counter-attacks upon his new-found theology. Presently he gained his elder sister, Ann; later he won his invalid sister, Emma; and later still, Mary Booth, his mother, surrendered to his insistent appeals.

"At nineteen the weary years of my (Continued on page 4)

apprenticeship came to an end," he writes. "I had done my six years' service, and was heartily glad to be free from the bitter and humiliating bondage they proved. But I was still under the necessity to work, and a situation had to be sought. I tried hard to find some kind of labor that would give me more liberty to carry out my aggressive ideas in the way of saving the lost, but I failed. For twelve months I waited. Those months were among the most desolate of my life. No one took the slightest interest in me."

He was cast down, rejected, humiliated and almost crushed. There was William Booth, hunting the streets of prosperous Nottingham for honorable employment,



A CARTOON OF THE FOUNDER

This appeared in the "Daily Mirror" at the time the Darkest England Scheme was launched. Mr. Bumble, ponderous and self-complacent and ill-disposed to have his feelings hurt, stands passive in the presence of dire suffering, whilst the Founder, realizing that it is time for action rather than reflection, steps in with instant relief.

working by night in the slums, giving himself Sunday to the work of the chapel, seeking sinners, praying in cottages, visiting the sick and dying, reading Finney's sermons and lectures, studying the work of Whitefield and Wesley, protesting his faith at home that God would surely provide for him, and at the end of twelve months not a door had opened.

"I had to move away," he says; and, like many another adventurer, with empty pockets and a fighting spirit, he set his face towards London.

Like St. Paul, he determined to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. He came to London with the Bible, and from London he carried that Bible throughout the world.

Alone in London

He arrived in London as a seeker of work, the son of a poor and struggling mother in the Provinces, with no influence, with no money and with no friends.

In the notes made for his autobiography he set down under the title of "London" the one word, "loneliness." But this word stood for infinitely more than that sensation of solitude and depression. It stood for tragedy and bitter grief.

He was now quite friendless and homeless. No agency existed to which he could apply for assistance, no brotherhood or society where he could count upon kindness and welcome. He was solitary in London, solitary and poor, with nothing but his Bible for consolation. And it was necessary for him to have bread that he might live even in dejection and poverty.

Among the disappointments which met our young venturer in London was the impossibility of getting work outside the pawnbroking business. He had come to dislike the business. He was twenty years of age. His idea was to preach on Sunday and work for his living during the weekdays, pushing his fortunes with all his might for the sake of his mother and sisters as well as himself. But there was no work for him except his old work, and accordingly into a pawnbroker's shop in Walworth he went to earn his living.

"I was practically a white slave, being only allowed my liberty on the Sabbath, and an hour or two one night a week, and then the rule was home by 10 o'clock or the door will be locked against you. This law was rigidly enforced in my case, although he knew that I traveled long distances preaching the Gospel, in which he and his sanctimonious wife professed to believe. To get home in time, many a Sunday night, I have had to run till out of breath, after walking long distances and preaching twice in the day."

Mr. Rabbits said to me one day: "You must leave the business and wholly devote yourself to the preaching of the Gospel."

"Impossible," I answered. "There is no way for me. Nobody wants me; nobody wants me."

"Yes," said he, "the people with whom you have allied yourself want an evangelist."

"They cannot support me," I replied, "and I cannot live on air."

"That is true, no doubt," was his answer. "How much can you live on?"

"After a careful calculation I told him I did not see how I could get along with less than twelve shillings (about three dollars) a week."

"Nonsense," he said, "you cannot do without twenty shillings a week, I am sure."

"All right," I said, "have it your own way, if you will; but where is the twenty shillings to come from?"

"I will supply it," he said, "for the first three months at least."

"Very good," I answered, and the bargain was struck then and there.

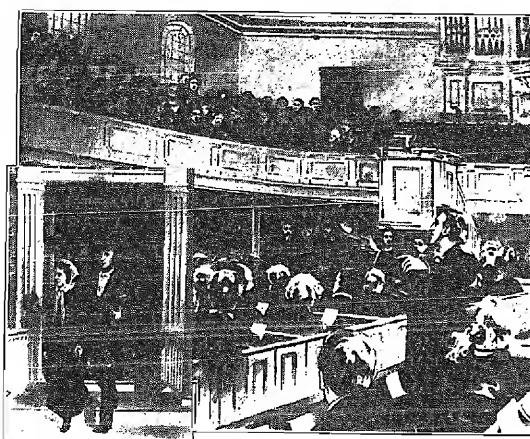
"I at once gave notice to my master, who was very angry, and said, 'If it is more money you want, that need not hurt us.' I told him that money had nothing to do with the question, that all I wanted was the opportunity to spend my life and powers publishing the Saviour to a lost world. And so I packed my portmanteau and went out to begin a new life."

Three things marked the day that followed the one in which I shook hands with my cold-hearted master and said good-by, one of which proved itself of no little importance, both to myself and to the world at large in the years that followed. The first day of my freedom was Good Friday; it was also my birthday—the 10th of April. The third and most important event of all was that, on that day I fell head over ears in love with the precious woman who afterwards became my wife."

Meeting His Life's Partner

Among the people to whom Mr. Rabbits introduced William Booth was a family named Mumford, living in Brixton—at that time a somewhat picturesque suburb of London, more or less fashionable among rich city merchants. A daughter of this house, for whose opinion Mr. Rabbits entertained a great respect, had expressed admiration of a sermon preached by William Booth as a layman. Mr. Rabbits had reported this admiration to the young preacher, and had arranged that he should make acquaintance with the Mumfords. From their first meeting both William Booth and Catherine Mumford were conscious of a strong liking for each other, but it was not until he had entered upon the period of study and preparation for ministry among the Reformers, and on the first day of his freedom from a secular life, that he fell head over ears in love with this remarkable woman.

On the 16th of June, 1855, William Booth and Catherine Mumford, both being twenty-six years of age, were married.



AN HISTORIC AND MOMENTOUS DECISION

"Must I disobey the call of my God?" said William Booth at a church conference when pleading for liberty to preach the Gospel to the poor, "Never!" cried Mrs. Booth from the gallery. They met at the door and went out hand in hand to face the consequences of the decision.

The honeymoon was spent at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Then the Reverend and Mrs. William Booth, of the Methodist New Connexion, started off for a religious campaign in Guernsey.

So great had been the success of William Booth's various missions that the Annual Conference of the New Connexion, which was held a little time before his marriage, freed him from his circuit in London, and appointed him to the work of roving evangelist, "to give the various circuits an opportunity of having his services during the coming year."

In this way the young married couple were despatched to spend some considerable time of their life without the comfort and convenience of a home.

Difficult Family Life

Their first child, William Bramwell Booth, was born on March 8th, 1856. This birth began for William and Catherine Booth as difficult a family life as can be imagined. They were poor; they had no home; their future was always threatened with disaster; and the manner of their lives was the very last one would have thought compatible with domestic happiness and family affection. Further than this, William Booth was delicate and Catherine Booth was almost a complete invalid. They went like gypsies from town to town, living in lodgings, and plunging themselves at every fresh adventure into the violence and excitement of religious revivalism. And yet these parents gave to the world a race of men and women sufficiently remarkable to exercise a powerful influence for good on millions of human beings.

The Reverend William Booth felt called of God to be an evangelist in which capacity he had marked success with many thousands of converts. But the Methodists had compelled him to take a circuit as a regular pastor. At this conference in 1861, William Booth had decided not to accept another pastorate and if his request for evangelistic work was refused, to resign from the church. His request was refused. Mrs. Booth, who was seated with other members of the public in the gallery, when questioned by a glance from her husband in the pews as to compromise, rose in her place and exclaimed in a determined voice which startled the business-like gentlemen below, "Never!"

At that resolute exclamation Mr. Booth, we are told, sprang to his feet, and bowing to the chair, "waved his hat in the direction of the door." Amidst shouts of "Order, order!" he passed down the chapel, met his wife at the foot of the gallery stairs, embraced her and went out to face the consequences of his act.

Without a friend and without a farthing, it was a black day indeed for him when he found himself actually cut adrift from his church. After seven years of devoted service, he was penniless; and this time he had a wife and children for whose care he and no other could provide.

By a strange chance it was Mrs. Booth who led the way out of the wilderness.

It was she, and not William Booth, who laid the first stone of The Salvation Army. While they were still living in London, and he was still thinking of taking a home in Sheffield, and establishing his family there, Mrs. Booth was invited to Rotterdam in the South East London, and thence she journeyed, in 1856, to conduct a similar mission. What she saw of the poor people, and particularly the world done by the Midnight Movement, to restore fallen women, made an instant and overwhelming appeal to her heart. She resolved at once that here was the sphere for which she had prayed and longed ever since the conference in Liverpool.



THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

How the Founder would have looked if he had been born a Japanese is unconsciously shown by the Japanese artist who sketched for a Yokohama newspaper the Army Leader's arrival at that port in 1907. The Founder's visit to Japan had a powerful effect upon public opinion and upon the fortunes of the Army there. He was treated by the Emperor, and had interviews with political and military leaders.

It was not Mrs. Booth, however, but William Booth, who conceived the idea of going into the streets of East London, penniless and unsupported, with the message of salvation. He made converts of the most degraded people and sent them to their churches and chapels; but many of them relapsed or just became formal, or did nothing to hasten the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a matter of more than ten years, after his coming to London, before William Booth perceived that the one way in which he could lastingly change men and women, was to make them, from the moment of their conversion, seekers and saviors of the lost.

Only after many rebuffs from the churches did he strike out on those original lines which culminated in The Salvation Army.

Held Meetings in a Tent

Services of a revival character were held first in an old tent erected on the Quakers' burying ground in Thomas Street, and afterwards in the open air in the Mile End Road. From the outset these services were well attended, and scarcely a meeting passed without several conversions—conversions which must have acquainted William Booth with the strange character of East London whorlpool, since they were representative of nearly every class in the community. William Booth himself has given the following account of his fresh movement in life: "I saw multitudes of my fellow-creatures not only without God and hope, but sunk in the most desperate form of wickedness and misery that can be conceived. I went out and looked on the wretched sons and daughters of debauchery and vice and crime who were all about me. The drunkenness, and idleness, and poverty, and squalor, and the blasphemous and impudently blasphemous had a fascinating effect upon me. I only saw but compassionated the poor sunk in the sin and wretchedness that beheld, and the everlasting voice I knew must follow."

The incessant degradation and the multiplied misery of East London were to him like veritable and heart-breaking human cries for help; he could not but have a pace through these dreadful streets without acute suffering; he had no choice but to give himself to the work of rescue.

He was faced by an almost boundless task.

(Continued on page 11)

An An Message

ALL HEALTH prevents my presence in the prohibition law, so I am constrained to write the definite testimony I would give in support of this statute as witnessed in the culture of the religious and social operation in which I represent.

The Salvation Army in the United States has over 4,500 Officers, who spend their time in this work, having no other occupation than to devote themselves to the business of the lost and the neediest of our beloved population. As these Officers include responsibility tens of thousands of Local Soldiers, who are in intimate touch with those who were formerly the victims of the evil, their experience endows me with peculiar authority to witness to the salutary effect which the culture of the saloon has had upon myriads of the land.

Old Degradation Disappeared

The Field Officers, who conduct Meetings in the open street and who are charged with the responsibility of relieving the needy in the community, have united testimony that the Open-Air Services are no longer disturbed by the behavior and maudlin interjections of the loungers.

The type that once abounded is no more to be seen. "Boozers' Day," when the derelict and the fallen came to the streets, is a thing of the past, and is an impossibility because those drinking proclivities entitled it to be so. On Thanksgiving Day a thousand such were gathered in one hall, brought thither by the buses and cars from the back ends of the "Dead Houses," alleys and park benches dark corners of the underworld. Such a scene to the utterly degrading effect of the Field Officers universally witness to the condition. They admit that there is violation of the law, but they would not suggest that the laws providing penalties for theft and murder should be repealed because of the flagrant broken.

Officers of our Social Service Department testify. It is the province of the Salvation Army to receive the homeless and workless in institutions provided for their care. The common habit of our Industrial Home

Centless and Senseless

With our slogan, "A man may be down, but he is not dead," we peopled our places with the bottom that was almost bottomless. Sands came with their poor bodies covered and rags to be cleaned up and clothed and these men were of the type that were with the pitiful sweepings of the saloon, they were as centless as they were so conditionally attributable to an insatiable thirst.

We were struggling with this problem while the source of the pollution was a legal one. All that we could do was to apply the special provisions of the law, and many were reclaimed. Others temporarily reformed in their own strength to fall again and the invariably was through the doorway of a saloon.

Should you visit our Industrial Home you will find the same type of man clothed and fed, but the recurring problem presented, and there are hundreds who for not having a quarter in their pockets will not leave their quarters until they have nice bank accounts.

Here is the evidence of our Officers of the War Social Service, which has been most successful agencies, showing as it does of the permanent satisfaction through the many Rescue Institutions and Hospitals.

Best prohibition records show a cent of cases that came to us were cured and in many instances alcoholism was the downfall.

Field and Social Changes in Canada East

The following Field changes are announced: Toronto—Adjutant and Mrs. Peterborough—Adjutant and Mrs. Windsor—Adjutant McLean, Ensign Riverdale—Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon

An Answer to the Challenge

Message to the American Senate Prohibition Committee

By COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

ILL HEALTH prevents my presence before the committee considering the challenge of the utility of the prohibition law, so I am constrained to put in writing the definite testimony I would bear to the beneficence of this statute as witnessed in the prosecution of the religious and social operations of the organization which I represent.

The Salvation Army in the United States has a force of over 4,500 Officers, who spend their whole time in this work, having no other occupation in life than to devote themselves to the business of seeking the lost and aiding the neediest of our beloved country's population. As these Officers include in their responsibility tens of thousands of Local Officers and Soldiers, who are in intimate touch with the people, who were formerly the victims of the drink traffic; their experience endows me with peculiar competence to witness to the salutary effect which the banishment of the saloon has had upon myriads throughout our land.

Old Degradation Disappeared

The Field Officers, who conduct Meetings in Hall and in the open street and who are charged with the responsibility of relieving the needy in their community, bear united testimony that the old degradation through drink has practically disappeared. Our Open-Air Services are no longer disturbed by the noisy behaviour and maudlin interjections of intoxicated loungers.

The type that once abounded is no more. An old-time "Boozers' Day," when the derelict was gathered in and fed strong coffee preliminary to a direct attack upon his soul, is an impossibility because the class whose drinking proclivities entitled it to the appellation boozers, is rapidly becoming extinct.

On Thanksgiving Day a thousand such men would be gathered in one hall, brought thither by our searchers in buses and cars from the back ends of the saloons, the "Dead Houses," alleys and park benches and other dark corners of the underworld. Such an awful testimony to the utterly degrading effect of drink could not be assembled today in any of our Halls anywhere. The Field Officers universally witness to the changed condition. They admit that there is widespread violation of the law, but they would no more argue that this law is bad because violated than they would suggest that the laws providing penalty for arson, theft and murder should be repealed because so often flagrantly broken.

Officers of our Social Service Departments give similar testimony. It is the province of these Officers to receive the homeless and workless men into the institution provided for their care. The specimen described in the "Boozers' Day" reference was formerly the common habitue of our Industrial Homes.

Centless and Senseless

With our slogan, "A man may be down, but he is never out," we peopled our places with recruits from the bottom that was almost bottomless, and thousands came with their poor bodies covered with vermin and rags to be cleaned up and clothed and fed. Often these men were of the type that were literally cast out with the pitiful sweepings of the saloon and huts of them were as centless as they were senseless—twin conditions attributable to an insatiable thirst for drink.

We were struggling with this product of the drink while the source of the pollution was a legalized traffic. All that we could do was to apply the specific in which Salvationists glory, and many were permanently reclaimed. Others temporally rehabilitated went out in their own strength to fall again and the fall almost invariably was through the doorway of a saloon.

Should you visit our Industrial Homes today you will find the same type of man clothed and in his right mind, no longer the recurring problem that he once presented, and there are hundreds who formerly could not keep a quarter in their pockets who are now so thrifty that they have nice bank accounts placed in the Army's care.

Here also the evidence of our Officers engaged in the Women's Social Service, which has been one of our most successful agencies, showing as it does a percentage of eighty-five permanently satisfactory cases passed through our many Rescue Institutions and Maternity Hospitals.

But prohibition our records show that 90 per cent of the cases that came to us were drink addicts, and in many instances alcoholism was the cause of the downfall.

Field and Social Changes in Canada East

The following Field changes are announced:

Toronto Temple—Adjutant and Mrs. Burchin.

Peterborough—Adjutant and Mrs. Ham.

Windsor—Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward.

Riverdale—Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon.

Yorkville—Adjutant and Mrs. Speller.

Montreal I—Ensign and Mrs. Green.

Earls Court—Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

Guelph—Adjutant Sowton, Captain Lennox.

Hamilton III—Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman.

Montreal II—Commandant and Mrs. Peale.

Montreal V—Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford.

Stratford—Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson.

Cambellton—Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey.

Changes in the Men's Social are as follows:

Field-Major Sheard—Superintendent, Sherbourne St. Hostel, Toronto.

Commandant Tuck—Dundas Metropolitan, Toronto.

Commandant Green—Assistant to Brigadier Byers, at Montreal Industrial.

Captain Drummond—Cashier and Time-keeper at Montreal Industrial.

Captain Mathieson—No. 2 Industrial Store, Montreal.

Envoy Withshire—Workmen's Home Toronto.



Commander Evangeline Booth.

Since prohibition only 1 per cent of the cases that come to us are traceable to that cause.

There has always been a marked affinity between the drink and the degradation of womanhood. In the old days the house of shame and the saloon were often under one roof. The wine-room seduction, once so frequent, is now a thing of the past. Let us bless the law that has thrown this protection around the path of American womanhood, for higher than the probity and nobility of its womanhood our great nation can never rise.

What about the children—the wronged children, the crippled children, the abused children, the blind children, the imbecile children, the nameless children, the starved children, the deserted children, the beaten children, the dead children, whose feeble but ineffaceable writing upon the wall of the nation arraigns alcohol's brazen hand as the robber of their little bodies, minds and souls! How have these precious hostages profited by the legislation in question?

Children Much Happier

My executive Officer for Settlement work tells me that children in our Day Nurseries and Kindergartens come to us noticeably better fed, better clothed, healthier, happier and more teachable. She tells me that applications for relief have been reduced 50 per cent, and that where in former times help was frequently appealed for by families, whose babies had fallen from fire escapes or infants smothered on account of drunken parents, not one such case has come under our notice for years. Salvation Army Settlement workers in our great cities bear out the truth of Federal returns as to the low pauperism ratio. Of course all poverty has not been ended nor suffering removed, but striking amelioration has since attended the removal of former brutal conditions. It is still true that some children go without any breakfast to school,

but they no longer face the day with the added and greater injury of a bleeding back or blackened eye because of the inhuman beating received at the hands of a parent rendered insane through the delirium of strong drink.

Conditions have changed and family life is now much more wholesome than in the former days. There is still poverty and hardship, but poverty is no longer caused by, nor cursed with, the drinking of parents. That home-destroying factor is gone.

These statements are not made as the result of hearsay. They grow out of the Army's intimate knowledge of the life of the poor, which I think all will hesitate to gainsay. We know this thing which prohibition debars has sold more homes; armed more villains; slain more children; snapped more wedding rings; dethroned more intellects; dishonored more womanhood and dug more graves than any other poisoned scourge which has ever swept the world. Let any refute this statement who dare. We know this to be the terrible fact. Let there be due hesitation before reinstating as a legalized traffic this ruthless despoiler of mankind.

A Most Terrible Spectacle

How ridiculous to say the saloon shall not come back, but let us have light wines and beer. Everyone knows that wherever light wines and beer are sold, even if it should be on the doorstep of a rabbit hutch there will be the saloon. Under the old license law about 90 per cent of the intoxicating drink that was consumed was wine and beer and a beer drunkard makes a most terrible spectacle.

It is my understanding that several bills and resolutions are before Congress designed to amend or modify the present law. Some attack the Constitution and some the supporting statute and the chief argument for doing so is founded upon the assumption that the present law is unenforceable—an assumption which I am convinced is entirely erroneous—and my conviction is born of the fact that an almost identical law was enforced in many States before prohibition was written into the Constitution and this law is being enforced with reasonable success throughout the larger part of the Union. It is futile to say that my great State cannot do what Ohio, Kansas or Washington can do and does.

To debit the prohibition law with the onus and the shame of all the violations that abound is tantamount to charging that the Holy Commandments of God are responsible for the wickedness of mankind. The suggestion is preposterous.

Solution lies not along the path of modification.

The thing this law is designed to deal with is essentially evil, as witnesseth the fruitage of a thousand years and now that unguishable testimony is deplorably confirmed by the horror of the present anarchy, while the perpetrators and the profiteers have the temerity to attempt a defense and a justification and many good citizens are deceived by the outcry.

An Earnest Entreaty

Representing a movement that in its attitude toward the drink question has never known a hesitating moment, which makes total abstinence one of its conditions of membership, which by reason of clean hands has undisputed right to speak its convictions and voice its testimony; and on behalf of mothers who rolled from dawn to midnight to earn bread for the children of fathers who passed over the bar the money that should have spread their table; on behalf of boys whom drunken parents have robbed of every privilege of youth; on behalf of the newborn who have come into the world with their systems saturated with alcohol; on behalf of little girls who have been forced to lives of shame before they reached their teens to earn money for parents reduced lower than the beasts by thirst for liquor; on behalf of former drunkards and inebriates who, since prohibition, have found their manhood and are contributing to American citizenship; on behalf of every right thinking man who recognizes his obligation to contend for all legislation that safeguards the young, that delivers from temptation the matured, and inspires the human heart to all that is highest and noblest, I earnestly entreat that no stain of modification or nullification be permitted to tarnish this most righteous and beneficent law. Before all the world the United States has lifted the standard. Never before the world must that standard be lowered or withdrawn.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder: William Booth

General: Brownwell Booth

International Headquarters

London, England

Territorial Commander,

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Kitch,

212-218 Carlton St.,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for the Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS—

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones, from Lethbridge to Victoria.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey, from Regina I to Lethbridge.

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker, from Victoria to Calgary.

Adjutant and Mrs. Fox, from Subscribers' Dept., Victoria to Brandon.

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband, from Medicine Hat to Regina I.

Adjutant L. Lawson, from Edmonton III, to Drumheller.

Adjutant M. Hanson, from Edmonton II to Calgary II.

Adjutant J. Reader, from N. Battleford to Edmonton II.

Adjutant E. Stride, from Regina II to Edmonton III.

Ensign and Mrs. Sharpe, from Winnipeg VII to Portage la Prairie.

Ensign and Mrs. Talbot, from Winnipeg II to Medicine Hat.

Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang, from Winnipeg IV to Prince Albert.

Ensign and Mrs. Parsons, from Nanaimo to Nelson.

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern, from Portage to Vancouver III.

Captain and Mrs. Boyle, from Estevan to Winnipeg II.

Captain and Mrs. Hammond, from Drumheller to Regina II.

Captain and Mrs. Chapman, from Prince Albert to North Battleford.

Captain and Mrs. Collier, from Calgary I to Edmonton I.

Captain and Mrs. Coleman, from New Westminster to Nanaimo.

Captain E. Payne, from Winnipeg VII to Winnipeg VIII.

Captain G. Roskelley, from Ft. Frances to Winnipeg IV.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

Founder's Day Celebration at Winnipeg Beach

A Founder's Day Celebration will be conducted by the Commissioner at Winnipeg Beach on Thursday, July 1. The Chief Secretary, T.H.Q., Training Garrison and Social Staffs and all the City Corps Officers will take part in this.

On Sunday, July 4th, our Leader will conduct special Open-Air services at the Beach, assisted by the Chief Secretary and a number of T.H.Q. Officers. The No. III Band will supply the music. At these Meetings Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Phillips will say farewell previous to leaving Winnipeg for Vancouver, where they are going to reside.

Winnipeg Home League

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Coombs conducted a profitable Home League Spiritual Meeting at the Winnipeg Citadel on Monday afternoon inst. Following some bright testimonies led by Mrs. Adjutant Curry and an inspiring address from Mrs. Coombs, a sister who had been invited to the Mercy-Seat, afterwards gave a definite testimony to the saving power of Christ. As this Meeting was the last before the furlough season, the members of the Home League pledged themselves to endeavor to win at least one soul before the continuance of the spiritual gatherings in the Fall.

THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts Helpful Holiness Meeting at Winnipeg Citadel

A BRIGHT and helpful Holiness Meeting which proved of great blessing and encouragement to all who attended, was conducted by the Commissioner in the Winnipeg Citadel on Friday, June 18th.

The Chief Secretary and Headquarters Staff supported our Leader and the Cadets Band supplied the music. Prayer was offered by Ensign Houghton and Brigadier Joy, while Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes sang a duet and Cadet Bowles soloed.

Testimonies from six Cadets were a feature of the gathering. Those who spoke were Cadets Cull, Taylor, Webster, Warren, Watt and Tait, their theme being the benefits they had received through the Training Garrison and their personal testimony to Full Salvation.

The Commissioner's address on "The Ministry of Unlikely Things," was a direct stimulus to those who excuse themselves from doing nothing in the Lord's work because they do not feel able to do great things.

There are many who get into a state like this. It was said of a certain military officer that he was forever explaining why this and that had not been done until at last "he was fully embarked on an apologetic career." How many apologetic careers there are, and how many people there are who think an explanation of why they did not do right the moral equivalent of having done it.

Men with a handicap and a hundred reasons for not doing things, fill the world with the glory of having done them. The Bible is a great anthology of handicaps.

Some striking instances of this were recalled by the Commissioner, who reminded his hearers of Gideon and his valiant three hundred, of Samson doing such execution among God's enemies with only the jawbone of an ass as a

weapon, of the little Jewish maid who told Naaman of the prophet in Israel and of Shagar who slew 600 Philistines with an ox goad.

"God uses us because we are in His will, ready to His hand," said the Commissioner. "We may be rough and ready sort of tools, but if we are willing to be used, God will use us in some way."

The Army has been made by unlikely instruments, by men and women whom the world would never think were qualified for the task, yet they have gone forth in God's might and revolutionized the world. The lesson to us is that if God wants a job done He uses those to His hand to do it. The Salvation Army itself is the greatest encouragement to those who want to do something for God, but feel their insufficiency or weakness.

"If you want to be used by God you must first place, be willing to be used. Then you must be willing to be used God's way. Further, you must be so willing that there shall be no reservations in your consecration."

"If you come to God like that He will assuredly use you."

He concluded by uttering a solemn warning to those who were excusing themselves from service by the plea that they could do nothing worth while. "Remember the stern denunciation of our Lord on the conduct of the man who buried his one talent," he said. "God expects you to use even the smallest gift and to lay it at His feet."

During the Prayer-Meeting, a young German woman came forward and broke out into prayer in her native tongue. She felt very condemned, she confessed, over her slackness in working for God, but was now willing to let Him use her more. Her radiant face, as she rose from the Mercy-Seat, was eloquent testimony to the joy and peace she had obtained.

The gathering was brought to a close with prayer by the Chief Secretary.

The Winnipeg Citadel Band Tour

Tremendous Crowds at Vancouver and Victoria

THE visit of the Winnipeg Citadel Band to Vancouver was a great success. Fourteen to fifteen thousand people were thrilled by program in Stanley Park on Sunday afternoon. At night the First United Church was crowded half an hour before the commencement of the Meeting. Hundreds were turned away. An overflow Meeting was conducted in the No. 1 Citadel by Brigadier Layman.

The Festival on Monday night in the Wesley Church was a fitting climax to a soul-stirring musical weekend. It was a musical triumph. The whole city was stirred, and everybody was talking about the Salvation Army.

The Variety Theatre at Victoria was crowded to its utmost capacity on Saturday night. The City Authorities closed the doors. Brigadier Layman, Adjutants Aeton and Junker and all Officers, Band Locals, Bandsmen and Comrades have given unstinted co-operation and are to be congratulated on achievement.

The American tour was also a huge success. Officers declare that the Band's visit was worth a million dollars.

Bandsmen are in excellent spirits. They have excelled themselves musically and in real Salvationism. Now on homeward trail to great Commissioning gathering.

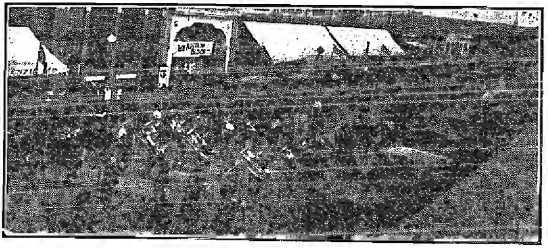
AT VICTORIA

The Winnipeg Citadel Band arrived at Victoria at a little after noon on Saturday, the Victoria Citadel Band playing at the dock to welcome them.

The massed Bands marched round the business section and then halted at the corner of Yates and Government Streets, the identical spot, known as Campbell's

Corner, where thirty-nine years ago two women and one man Officer held the first Open-Air Meeting in Victoria.

Mayor Pendray, on behalf of the City of Victoria, welcomed the Winnipeg I Band and Staff-Captain Merritt delivered a letter from Mayor Webb of Winnipeg. This Mayor Pendray read to the assembled citizens.



The Winnipeg Citadel Band marching down the main street at Swift Current.

PICKED UP

The Commissioner met the T.H.Q. Staff and Winnipeg City Officers in Council on Friday afternoon last and his inspiring address was a message of much spiritual help to all. He announced that plans are being projected with for the erection of the new Training Garrison and Grace Hospital extension, and that two homes for Old Men will shortly be opened in Alberta.

On Saturday, June 19th, Mrs. Commissioner Rich opened the Fort Rouge Home League Sale of Work. Mrs. Rich was accompanied by Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Phillips and Brigadier Goodwin, the latter conducting the opening song and prayer.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr have been appointed to assist Staff-Captain Carmichael at Wrangell, Alaska.

Captain Sadie Christenson has been appointed to open a new Corps at Vancouver, to be known as Vancouver VII.

Captain Chalk and Lieut. Stahl are the officers selected to open a new Corps at Cordova, Alaska. They will have the distinction of commanding the Corps nearest the North Pole.

Ensign F. Dorin who has been Divisional Helper at Wainwright, Alberta, for the past two years has now been transferred to the Subscribers' Department and will assist Staff-Captain Bourne at Vancouver.

Ensign Sully has been very ill in the Regina General Hospital but is now a little better. Remember her at the Throne of Grace.

The Sherbrooke St. Band, under bandmaster N. Weir, at the request of the church authorities, furnished music at a gathering in St. Martins United Church, Elmwood, on Saturday afternoon last. A much appreciated item was the singing by the Bandsmen, of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," to the tune of "Hallelujah."

The Band then played several marches and selections, and also played outside the Hudson's Bay Building. Master McIlhagga delighted the audiences with his rendition of the Chum Pledge, and Pauline Johnson's poem.

After a short rest at the Citadel the Winnipeg and Victoria Bands were conveyed in tally-hos to Butchart Gardens where they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Butchart, whose hospitality is known the world over. After supper they returned to town and played at the Empress (C.P.R.) Hotel to the delight of the guests and then marched to the Variety Theatre. The Festival was a magnificent success.—A.E.T.

AT SWIFT CURRENT

Captain and Mrs. Fleisher. On Saturday, June 12, we had with us the Winnipeg Citadel Band. On arrival at the Station where a large crowd had gathered the Band marched up the main street, followed by the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards. The Band was then taken to the Hospital in cars, where the patients were given some good music. We wish to thank the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs for supplying the cars for the same.

At night a Musical Festival was held in the Metropolitan Church where a large crowd listened to two hours of delightful music and song. An Open-Air was held afterwards when a large crowd of people listened to the strong testimonies of the visitors until the late hour of eleven o'clock. A luncheon was provided for the Bandsmen in the hall by the members of the Home League before they left to continue their journey Westward.—C.C.

Band Secretary May, of Swift Current in a letter to Major Habkirk, says: "We were all delighted with the visit of the Winnipeg Citadel Band. We have never heard anything like it before. It was enjoyable, instructive and inspiring to us all. Our Bandsmen especially appreciated meeting the Winnipeg Bandsmen personally."

Realizing The Need

IN order to seek sincerely after God, the real to you: "For he to God must believe that He is a Rewarder diligently seek Him"

Our senses make us aware of the natural we cannot see. We can feel the warmth of the sun, the cold north wind, although we see either heat or wind, fully music charms us, whole being? But we music. What a spell that can cast about us, cannot see the song, and not, do not see the singing.

There are other forces, senses do not conscious, which reign in the mind and are interwoven with. For instance, there is the intuition. So far as we man, beast and thing this law. All material Houses are built, ships are built and go to sea in harmony. In every step you take day you are unconscious upon the law of gravity.

There are other forces, seen and yet powerful, their seat in the mind, man, affecting him profoundly, often flowing from his others. How mighty is thought! What can we do? By means of memory, a flower, a piece of paper, our minds back into the past, as we have passed away, and world live about us as imagination and those of thought by which ourselves into the future. We cannot see that man has been said that man. A moment's thought, how much you do and Oh, how real is the mind! What unseen but may be stirred within mind and surge up in storm within us—renewal, grief!

Essence of Hope. And what about love? said: "Love is the essence of Heaven, for love is Heaven is love. This can have below? We can but there are few men even among the saddest fortunate, who altogether."

Training Principals at Winnipeg

Rousing Sunday Camp

Four Surrenders—Dr.

Illustrated Lecture

Adjutant and Mrs. C. it rained all day, a good for the Holiness Meeting by Mrs. Carter and the 20. Right from the first was in our midst. The Cadets were an inspiration. The night was taken by who were earnestly on Cadet testimonies who took "Full Surrender."

Adjutant Steele led an Easy Meeting in the afternoon. Cadets gave a stirring testimony that they were when Jesus. Cadets taking his theme, "God with a sword God in the Muriel spoke on some of God's love for us."

An inspiration song, opened the evening Meeting. Mrs. Adjutant Steele asked on the service in the Salvation Army. Cadet Lyons spoke

Realising the Presence of God

The Necessity for Making the Presence of God Real—"I ask you to Cultivate This Power!"

By THE GENERAL

IN order to seek sincerely and availingly after God, the Unseen must be real to you: "For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Hebrews xi. 6).

Our senses make us aware of many forces in the natural world which we cannot see. We can feel heat, and be aware of the warm west wind, or the cold north wind, although we cannot see either heat or wind. How powerfully music charms us, affecting our whole being! But we cannot see music. What a spell the song of the lark can cast about us, although we cannot see the song, and, as often as not, do not see the singer.

There are other forces to which our senses do not consciously respond, but which reign in the material world, and are interwoven with our very life. For instance, there is the law of gravitation. So far as we know, every man, beast and thing responds to this law. All material life obeys it. Houses are built, ships are constructed and go to sea in harmony with it. In every step you take through the day you are unconsciously dependent upon the law of gravity.

There are other familiar forces, unseen and yet powerful, which have their seat in the mind and heart of man, affecting him profoundly, and often flowing from him to affect others. How mighty is the power of thought! What can we say of memory? By means of memory, a word, a flower, a piece of paper may carry our minds back into a world which has passed away, and make that world live about us again. What of imagination and those other powers of thought by which we can throw ourselves into the future? What of hope? We cannot see hope, but it has been said that man lives by hope. A moment's thought will show you how much you do and plan in hope. Oh, how real is the power of the mind! What unseen but mighty forces may be stirred within the heart and mind and surge up into tumult and storm within us—remorse, sorrow, grief!

Essence of Heaven

And what about love? The Founder said: "Love is the essence of the bliss of Heaven, for love is Heaven, and Heaven is love." This happiness we can have below. We cannot see love, but there are few men and women, even among the saddest and most unfortunate, who altogether doubt its

existence, and who do not feel its powerfully affect.

I might continue to speak of our existence indelicately, but I will not do it before you? I want to strengthen your perception of the living God, and His power.

If the unseen forces which I have spoken of influence and affect powerfully, how much more powerfully ought the fact of God, being so influential,

absent or the dead can aid you in sorrow or in temptation. I spoke to a lad of about sixteen or seventeen who was kneeling at the Penitent-Form in one of my Meetings. He told me that he had been saved some time, that he worked in a sweet factory, and that it seemed to him as if he was living in a river of filth. He said, "I don't know what to do sometimes. I seem to come to the end of myself."

a power it is to feel and know that He has a plan for your life! Do you doubt it? Seek to know His plan for you. Seek to know Him better. Study His ways. Live closely with Him.

Perhaps you say to me, "Well, General, how is this to be done? I am not an Officer. I earn my living in a world that denies God, and rub shoulders daily with those who are far from Him."

Then I ask you, "How has it been done by others, and by whom has it been done?"

Many humble Salvationists and many unlettered but faithful followers of Jesus in all ages have lived in close touch with God because they have cherished and cultivated a sense of His presence. God has placed within you an unlimited power to perceive God and to dwell within. I ask you to cultivate this power.

Everything in Season

The conversations and letters of Brother Lawrence, a humble monk who spent the greater part of his life of service in the kitchen of a monastery, have been a great blessing to me. It was said of him that "His very countenance was edifying; such a sweet and calm devotion appearing in it, as could not but affect the beholders. And it was observed that, in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen, he still preserved his recollection and heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty nor loitering, but did everything in its season, with an uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. 'The time of business,' said he, 'does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament.'

What a heavenly kitchen! And it was Heaven in the cook that brought Heaven to the kitchen. He explained it in this way: 'I make it my business only to hold myself in His holy presence, wherein I keep myself by a simple attention, and a general fond regard to God, which I may call an actual presence of God; or, to speak better, an habitual, silent, and secret conversation of the soul with God.'

In short, I am assured, beyond all doubt, that my soul has been with God above these thirty years."



The General and Mrs. Booth.

ence us! The fact of the Founder's existence, and my mother's existence always affected me deeply, although the oceans might roll between us. That part of them which affected me in their life-time has survived death, and affects me now, even more powerfully, if possible, than before. But the fact of God's being has affected me, and affects me to-day, even more surely.

Do you know and love Him, though unseen, as surely as you might and as you ought? Is your life regulated by Him because you perceive Him ever at your side? Perhaps you know the joy of working for an esteemed person who will overlook your work. How gratifying it is to you to do well in the presence of some one you love. You may have heard the story of the Highland Chief who fell wounded, to the consternation of his men, but who encouraged them to utmost bravery by saying, "I am not dead. I am looking at you."

You know how the thought of the

I said, "What do you do when you feel like that?"

Nearly Bowled Over

He replied, "When I'm nearly bowled over I look at this. She helps me," and he took out of his pocket a tiny packet, wrapped in black silk, and containing the photo of a woman in uniform—his mother.

More closely than mother, father, lover, leader, or friend, God is with you all the time, overlooking all that you are, even more surely than all that you do.

Some of you feel when you are in a powerful Meeting, and say to yourselves, "Oh, if only this could continue for ever, this sense of God. Then I should resist temptation, and it would be easy to be all that I ought to be and to please Him."

That sense of God's presence and power may be with you all the time. For He is with you always. Just as He is at your side, so is His wisdom ever at your hand to guide you. What

Training Principal and Cadets at Winnipeg Citadel

Rousing Sunday Campaign Results in Four Surrenders—Dr. Perry Gives Illustrated Lecture on Palestine

Adjutant and Mrs. Curry. Although it rained all day, a good crowd gathered for the Sunday Meeting which was led by Major Carter and the Cadets on June 20. Right from the beginning of the first song, "Send the Fire," we felt God was in our midst. The testimonies of the Cadets were an inspiration to us all. The lesson was taken by Cadet Smith, who spoke earnestly on "Service," and Cadet Daughton who took as her subject, "Full Surrender."

Adjutant Steele led a bright Free-and-Easy Meeting in the afternoon when each Cadet gave a stirring testimony convincing us all that they were ready to go anywhere for Jesus. Cadet Weir spoke, taking as his theme, "God, for us," and with us and God in us, and Cadet Murdoch spoke on some of the great things God has done for us.

An invitation song, "Come tonight," opened the evening Meeting after which Mrs. Adjutant Steele asked God's blessing on the service in the Salvation of precious souls. Cadet Lyons spoke on "Life and

Death," pleading with the people to choose Life, and Cadet Cornack took as his theme, "The Compassion of Christ." In the Prayer-Meeting, led by the Major, our faith was rewarded and we praise God for four surrenders.

The Training Staff Vocal Trio and Cadets' Band rendered good service throughout the day.

On Monday, June 21, we had with us Dr. Guthrie Perry of the Manitoba University, who gave an interesting, illustrated lecture on Palestine where he has spent a number of years. His lecture centered around his last visit when he was one of the delegates at the opening of the Hebrew University. The Doctor told us many of the customs and habits of the Jews and many interesting things concerning the Holy Land.

The Doctor took us back to the Old Testament times, showing us on the screen, among other things, the place where it is said Abraham attempted to offer Isaac as a sacrifice to the Lord, the place of the battle in which Deborah and Barak took part, where Saul's death took place, and the well where Gideon took his army to test them for the battle against the Philistines. In New Testament times he showed us the place of the crucifixion and the ascension of Christ. The pictures were so real and the lecture

so interesting that one almost felt they were in Palestine. The Doctor was introduced by Major Carter, and at the close of the lecture, received hearty and sustained applause. The Doctor in thanking the audience for its expression of appreciation made mention of his long acquaintance with the Army in Winnipeg, ever since it opened fire. Brother Frank Bailey, a former pupil of the Doctor's and now a school teacher, gave a bright testimony during the evening and the Women Cadets, under Adjutant Davies, rendered two fine vocal selections.—L.F.

International Pars

The converts of Nan Ku Shan, China, have adopted the plan of parting their hair which marks them as Salvationists. By this means they wear a uniform even when they are working. It is frequently remarked, concerning one or other of them: "He is a Salvationist, look at his hair."

A man who confessed to having entertained thoughts of suicide was amongst the seekers at Adoor, India, in a Meeting led by Lieut.-Colonel Perran recently.

Mrs. Colonel Miller at Fort Rouge

On Monday, June 21, Mrs. Colonel Miller presided at a unique Demonstration, put on by the members of the Primary Department under Primary-Leader M. Joy, and Assistant-Leader I. Hicks, to whom much credit is due. A very pretty program had been arranged and was carried through successfully, the proceeds of the Demonstration, \$25, being used to purchase new equipment for the Department in the way of seating accommodation and a new Sandtrav.—D.O.J.

The Field Secretary Visits Rainy River

Captain Dove and Lieut. Wicks, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Coombs paid us a visit on Tuesday, June 15. On this occasion the Home League held a Sale of Work which was opened by Mrs. Coombs. The amount realized was very satisfactory. At 7.30 we had a rousing Open-Air on Main Street, and then proceeded to the Hall where we enjoyed a good Meeting led in real Army style. Adjutant P. Richardson gave good assistance during the evening.

BENNY'S SUMMER CAMP

BENNY PETERS had never heard of a Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp until he met Lilybud. Lilybud could talk of nothing else, now that the days began to be long and drearily hot, for she had been to the Army camp the year before and could recount on her small fingers some of its many attractions. Her ready tongue could describe green grass, wild flowers and cool lakes until Benny ached to get away from his sordid surroundings to bask in the freedom of God's outdoors. For, joy of joys, Lilybud's mother had promised to try and get a ticket so that Benny might accompany them to the camp.

A Crippled Hunchback

There were many other things, too, that Benny had never heard of until he met the bright-faced little girl just two years his junior. Benny was nine, and Benny, violet-eyed, brown-haired Benny, with the beautifully shaped head and intellectual forehead, was deformed, a poor crippled hunchback.

Benny was an orphan and lived with friends, upon whom he relied for his daily bread. The friends were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Seymour. Mr. Seymour worked sometimes; Mrs. Seymour took in washing and worked always. Benny was supposed not to be strong enough to go to school, but Mrs. Seymour considered him able to deliver heavy packages of laundry to her customers.

There were two things that Benny yearned for more than anything else in the world—a home in some place where he could raise plants and watch fragrant flowers come into blossom, and someone to bestow on him the love that he had seen given to other more fortunate children.

But as the days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, Benny's childish soul became hopeless of ever possessing either of these desirable things. So he trudged patiently each day, a crutch under one slender arm, and a heavy bundle of washing under the other. Other children laughed at the picture Benny presented, for youth is relentless in its sense of humor, and a pathetic little hunchback didn't seem pathetic to them.

Then there were the people who pitied Benny, and made sympathetic remarks in tones loud enough for him to hear. Benny hated the pity more than he did the laughter and the scorn.

Small and White

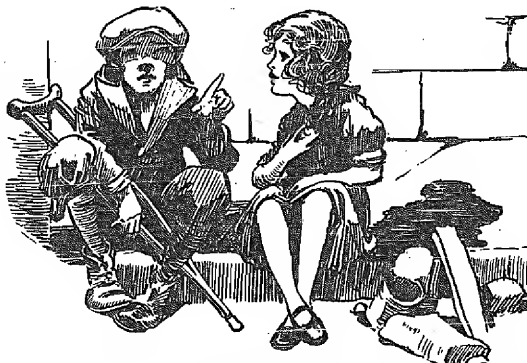
But he had met Lilybud. Lilybud came to live in the house opposite to the Seymour's. Her mother was a poor woman too. No richer than Benny's friends. Instead of taking in washing, she took in sewing. Lilybud looked like her name—small and white, with delicately chiseled features, and a big halo of flaxen curls. She was plump and dimpled, and wore little short gingham dresses. Lilybud's mother was not like the other women in the street. She never stood out on the sidewalk gossiping, or shouting angrily, as some of the other women did. She dressed plainly and neatly and wore at her throat a little red Army pin. Every Sunday she and Lilybud went over to the Army Hall, a mile away. Once she had invited Benny to come, but Mr. Seymour would not agree to the boy attending "no religious place."

Benny was disappointed, of course, for he wanted to go with Lilybud, but he contented himself, as was his wont, with the things that were his, and revelled in the affection he knew Lilybud had for his frail self.

They had many secrets. For instance, Benny told Lilybud all about his dreams of a beautiful home in the country some day. It was easy to talk to the little girl. She never once mentioned his despised deformity—never seemed even to notice it—but always looked directly into his wistful, violet eyes.

"If only I could have just a teeny garden," he told her one day. "I wouldn't mind having this ugly old body." His voice was husky. It was the first time he had ever mentioned his infirmity.

Lilybud, seated on the edge of the sidewalk next to her friend, looked straight into Benny's big, sorrowful eyes. "You're awful beautiful to me, Benny," she whispered.



Lilybud, seated on the edge of the sidewalk, next to her friend, looked straight into Benny's big, sorrowful eyes.

Will You Help to Send a Child to the Army's Fresh Air Camp?

Hundreds of needy little city children are looking forward wistfully for a chance to enjoy a ten day stay at the Camp this year, and scores of poor toiling mothers are hoping that they may be included in the list of those whom the Army is able to take to the lakeside for a much needed rest.

We are overburdened with applications from needy and deserving people this year and we appeal to our friends to generously aid us so that we can meet the need.

\$25 will keep a mother and three children at the Camp for 10 days.

\$5 will keep a boy or girl at the Camp for a week.

\$1 will pay the expenses of a mother and child for one day.

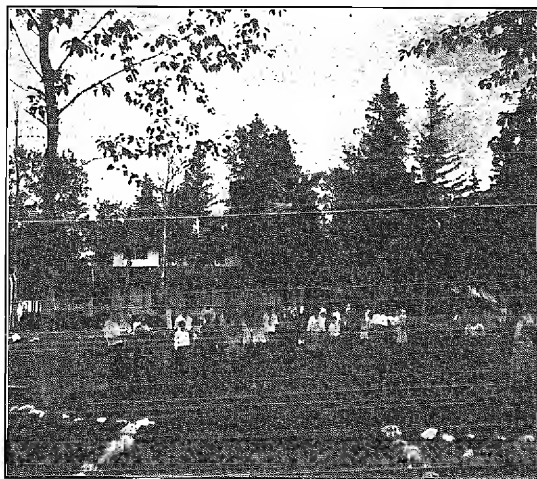
Send your contribution today. Use the coupon below. Every dollar helps.

To Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

I enclose \$..... to be used in giving mothers and children an opportunity to go to the Army's Fresh Air Camp.

Name.....

Address.....



SCENE AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR CAMP AT SANDY HOOK. Your gifts make such outings possible for poor city children. They go back to their homes stronger in body, brighter in mind and richer in spirit.

Benny's heart gave a bound. No one had ever spoken to him like that. He could not speak, but Lilybud continued: "An' you have a lovely garden, too!" "My garden?" Benny looked puzzled. "Yes," said Lilybud gently, "it's the garden mother tells about, in your heart. When you're horrid and bad, it's full of weeds, and when you're wonderful and good, like you are, it's full of pretty flowers. There aren't any weeds in your garden, Benny. I just know there aren't."

It was all very wonderful to the lonely little boy. Nights, when he laid his weary little body down, he would think about the garden of his heart, and in the daytime with Lilybud he would talk about the summer camp and the chances of his getting a ticket and going to enjoy at least ten short days in the sweet fields and fragrant woods. It became their chief topic, and Benny's wan little face became almost merry in joyful anticipation of fulfilled desire.

Benny, when the chores for the day were done, would limp out to his favorite resting place on the sidewalk, and whistle softly. Then Lilybud would come out and the perfect ending of a day would begin for Benny. Tonight he did not have to whistle, for scarcely had he seated himself than a blue gown flashed down the steps of the house opposite. "Oh, Benny," a merry voice called ecstatically. "I've a piece of lovely news for you."

Benny's face lit up. He knew instinctively what Lilybud was going to say next.

She reached his side and joyously clasped his thin hand in her own. "We're going to the camp and you're going with us. Mother got three tickets from the Captain today. Isn't it wonderful, Benny dear?"

Talked Till Darkness Fell

They talked until the hot sun went down behind the murky horizon of ugly buildings, and until the twilight shadows hid the hideously uneven rows of tenement houses—until darkness fell. Then Lilybud's mother called her to come home.

Halfway across the street the child paused to kiss her hand to the little hunchback. There was the sound of heavy wheels, a hurried honking, a scream, a flash of blue: A boy with a crutch rushed nimbly forward. People saw him leap up and hurl the blue bundle forward into safety, then disappear beneath the merciless wheels.

The first rays of the morning sun cast their warm beams across the white hospital cot where Benny lay, white and still, his bright head motionless against the snowy pillow, his high forehead peaceful, his mobile lips contented.

The violet eyes would never drink in the terrestrial joys of any summer camp, for they had opened to behold the sweet and ravishing fields of Eden. The transparent little hand upon the coverlet might never respond to earth-love's pressure, for it had clasped at last the loving hand of the Tender Shepherd.

Canada East Newslets

Commissioner Sowton recently presided over three Graduation functions at Toronto, Windsor and London.

A rather important conference was held in the office of the Resident Secretary for Immigration at Montreal last week. This was called by Brigadier Pinches to consider certain changes and features of the work of the Department. Lieut. Colonel Tudor and Southall and Major Wright contributed to the discussion and some matters were referred by cable to the world-wide known chief of the Department—Commissioner Lamb.

The next day, word was received from London that Commandant and Mrs. Smith were to farewell and were appointed to take charge of Burnside Lodge, Woodstock.

Adjutant and Mrs. Leech have been transferred to the central States, and Staff Captain Stanford is appointed Matron of Woodside Lodge, Toronto.

Christ's Brigadier Boije Special Re and

MANY persons who know the signs of whom there are than a hundred millions, feel and strangely drawn to them. Russian peasants are devout, ly, truthful, innocent, and Therefore one likes them. T. slant presents are somewhat sometimes verminous, and uncouth domestic habits. Neve one likes them.

Grown-up, religious children form 50 per cent of the population. A country, like furniture, may be guided by its surface. In C. a social veneer of pomp, opulence, pampered privilege characterizes country. In these Soviet c



Brigadier Helm

opposite extreme is exhibited world, and Russia represents ing proletarian politics. But the national surface there little alteration. The moon a-field and keeps his numerous niks. In the hot summer, potato crops prosper in the and mosquitoes are trouble. In winter, all the fa under one roof with farmyard and snow sometimes falls co ly in the great white silen there has been a pitiful sh tea (the Russian's chief del of some other creature cou no longer does the Impe gathers ride naughtily into on his ruthless errand. Other picture que, primitive worl Russia remains much as of as has been said, its back most brotherly, people conti spire those who know the affective desire to beco active friends.

Brigaded, Lovable Russ Of the latter, a notable c Brigadier Boije, who lay ne door in 1919, five years whose departure from R quickly followed by a c closing. Salvationist effort counting. Since then, this de deer, who holds the Orde Foun has, during spells of health, commanded the Trai rison in Copenhagen. But ing abundant scope and b that some of North Euro ture, the Brigadier still th wistful, warning of the ru sible it seems, so strange from every other people, fo

AMP

ive a bound. No one o him like that. He ut Lilybud continued: t lovely garden, thoughenny looked puzzled, bud gently, "it's the about, in your heart, and bad, it's full of you're wonderful and e, it's full of matty n't any weeds in ear us know there aren't." onderful to the lovely when he laid his own, he would think his heart, and in the bud he would talk camp and the chances et and going to enjoy ys in the sweet fields. It became their nny's was little face ry in joyful antiquaire.

chore for the day up out to his favorite sidewalk, and while and would come out ing of a day would. Tonight he did not for scarcely had he a blue gown flashed the house opposite. Every voice called a piece of lovely news

up. He knew inlybud was going to side and joyously d in her own. "We're and you're going with ree tickets from the t it wonderful, Ben-

Darkness Fell

l the hot sun went rky horizon of ugly the twilight shadows seven rows of tene-darkness fell. Then ed her to come home, the street the child and to the little hunch-he sound of heavy onking, a scream, a boy with a crutch rd. People saw him blue lamble forward appear beneath the

the morning sun cast across the white enny lay, white and t motionless against high forehead pice-intented.

ld never drink in the summer camp, for beheld the sweet f Eden. The trans-in the coverlet mist-love's pressure, for the loving hand of

t Newslets

ton recently pre-ation functions at London.

conference was hld Resident Secretary tontreal but was Brigadier Pinchen's eges and features of department. Lieut. Mouthall and Major the discussion aferred by cable. chief of the tter Lamb.

was received from andant and Mrs. and were appointed ur-side Lodge, m

Leech have been entral States, and Lodge, Toronto.

Christ's Power in Soviet Russia

Brigadier Boije's Thrilling Memoir of a Salvation Army Meeting held in Novgorod, by Special Request of a Greek Priest, when Every Seat Became a Mercy Seat and the Bolshevist Commandant was Deeply Moved and Very Gracious

BY E. COPPING

MANY persons who know the Russian, of whom there are more than a hundred millions, feel strongly and strangely drawn to them. The Russian peasants are devout, friendly, trustful, innocent, and smiling. Therefore one likes them. The Russian peasants are somewhat lazy, sometimes verminous, and often of uncouth domestic habits. Nevertheless one likes them.

Grown-up, religious children—such form 99 per cent of the population. A country like furniture, may be disguised by its surface. In Czar days a social veneer of pomp, opulence, and pampered privilege characterized the country. In these Soviet days an

was her privilege. And so they sent to talk of their some personal experience of their midst.

Historic Disasters. "Perhaps it would be better," said Brigadier Boije, "to illustrate the conditions of the Russian people, and afford some idea of the receptivity of the Russian mind, by a visit to one of the old Novgorod, which must not be confused with the larger town of Novgorod, lies about a hundred miles south of Leningrad and is full of beautiful churches and other architectural memorials of its splendid past. Not that the ancient history of Novgorod engaged much of our interest on the occasion I am about to describe. Rather were we under the influence of historic happenings of recent and current date. The Great War, so far as Russia was concerned, had been over for a year, but the military pre-occupations of Russia were not at an end, and we in Leningrad, equally with our Comrades in Moscow, had for long been cut off from all communications with the outside world.

Stress and Difficulties. "Things being as they were, perhaps it will be a little surprising that we should have been engaging in a Sunday campaign at so distant a point. An enterprise of the sort is a common enough incident in an ordinary Territorial Command—that of a country whose life is running smoothly under a long-established form of government. We, however, were amid the stress and difficulties incidental to an epoch-making Revolution—stress and difficulties which, I may say, clustered around railway travelling, for one thing. Yet we went to Novgorod—our little party consisting of a woman Captain, a man Captain, another brother Soldier, and myself. And we went because persons in Novgorod, and notably the leading priest of a monastery there, kept warmly inviting us to go. Why they did so we did not then know, but our Leader, Commissioner Larsson, felt constrained to do as they desired. To obtain permission for the journey was a protracted business, involving many formalities, and even when it was secured we had to stand for several hours waiting our turn to purchase railway tickets. Finally, we got on the train at about ten o'clock on the Saturday evening. Every compartment was crowded, and there was no possibility of getting seats. We, however, improvised parcels containing copies of the Russian 'War Cry' or 'Salvation Messenger' as seals in the corridor. During the all-night journey we were indeed glad of the rest these parcels afforded us, even though we had to keep moving them to let people pass along the corridor. Sleep was out of the question, and the night on that crowded, dirty train, with its sickening atmosphere, seemed very long indeed.

"At our journey's end we were met by a friend who took us to his humble little home. We very much hoped to get some food, but he was only able to give us a cup of 'tea,' made from dried black-currant leaves, and a piece of cured herring. We had been

longing for bread, but there was none to be had.

"This brother had secured the Town Hall for our Meeting, but, as we knew, there had been no opportunity or facilities for making the gathering known. So we had come provided with a rubber stamp, with which, on a corner of each copy of the 'War Cry,' we invited readers to the Meeting, which had been fixed for four o'clock that day. Having stamped the eight hundred papers, we mapped out Novgorod into four sections, one of which was allotted to each of us. Then off we individually went to sell our 'War Cris.'

Never Before Seen

"It was a wonderful experience. Our Army had never before been seen in the town, and the people at first had no idea what we stood for. But they crowded round us, asking all manner of questions, and they listened eagerly to what we had to tell them. Were we a new Red Army?—that was what many asked. The association of an Army with Salvation—that took them quite by surprise. They proved particularly eager over the opportunity to get printed matter about religion. I remember on my round going into one of the little tea-houses, where there were many poor people seated. Like my Comrades, I was very hungry; but I couldn't get a piece of bread in the tea-shop or anywhere. A little tepid water was all I succeeded in obtaining. We were hours and hours selling 'War Cris' and announcing the Meeting.

"At three o'clock we met together by arrangement. Then we made up our minds to go back to the brother who had received us in the morning. Again he gave us black-currant tea and a piece of cured herring, but no bread. Then we went to the Town Hall, half an hour before the time for the Meeting. There were still some copies of the 'War Cry' to be sold. Not a soul was there! We were very disappointed and felt there was going to be no Meeting. Still, we lit the lamps and made things ready. We had typed two songs and manifolded copies for distribution among the people. Between us we had a guitar and a concertina; and the tuning was finished and we had everything ready as the hour of four drew near. Then one or two persons were seen peeping round at the door. We went and invited them in and they came, others soon following in considerable numbers. Shortly after four, indeed, the Hall was crowded with some four or five hundred persons. Some sat on the window sills and the backs of chairs. The front row included the head priest from the monastery with some other monks. I felt a little nervous as to what they would think.

Soon All Singing

"We began with 'Jesus, the name high over all,' which, of course, had been translated into Russian. I tried to teach those present the tune and, the Russians being very musical, they quickly picked it up. They were soon all singing 'We have no other argument, we want no other plea.' Then came a prayer and the entire congregation went down on their knees and prayed with us. Up to that point a certain amount of quiet talking had been going on, especially among the young men and girls. But they were only trying to puzzle out among themselves what was going on, for you see, none of them had ever known a religious observance take place in any other building than a church. After the prayer I endeavored to explain what the Salvation Army was. Next, our lassie Captain sang a solo. Then our man-Captain, a Russian Jew, who is very much alive, and walks about the platform, swinging his arms, while he speaks—gave an account of his conversion and the change it had wrought in his life. The people listened eagerly, making many audible comments of surprise and appreciation.

The Priest Speaks

"Then the old white-haired priest got up and took hold of the cross suspended from his black gown and asked very politely if he might be allowed to speak a few words. I was just a bit anxious, wondering what he would say, but of course I assented. Then he said, 'I do not know if I may go up on that holy place,' indicating the platform where we were seated. 'Yes, please come up,' I said; and the next minute he was standing with us and addressing the Meeting. He showed that he knew about the Army, and he mentioned General Booth, and addressing his own people of the Greek Church, he said: 'Now, I want to recommend these brothers and sisters to you very warmly. They have come to this country to help us and bless us, and you must not look upon any of them as foreigners with a foreign religion.' Then, turning to us, he said, 'I would like you, when you go back to England, to convey to General Booth our warmest greetings, and thanks for having sent you to us.' He was a most delightful old man and spoke in a very warm-hearted way. After his

(Continued on page 12)



Brigadier Helmi Boije.

opposite extreme is exhibited to the world, and Russia represents menacing proletarian politics. But beneath the national surface there has been little alteration. The mozhik tills a-field and keeps his numerous prazniks. In the hot summer, rye and potato crops prosper in the sunshine and mosquitoes are troublesome at dusk. In winter, all the family live under one roof with farmyard beasts, and snow sometimes falls continuously in the great white silence. True, there has been a pitiful shortage of tea (the Russian's chief delight) and of some other creature comforts. But no longer does the Imperial tax-gatherer ride haughtily into villages on his ruthless errand. Otherwise the picturesque, primitive world of rural Russia remains much as of yore and, as has been said, its backward, but most loyally, people continue to inspire those who know them with an affectionate desire to become their active friends.

Boiled, Lovable Russians

Of the latter, a notable example is Brigadier Boije, who lay near death's door in Novgorod five years ago, and whose departure from Russia was quickly followed by a compulsory closing of his Salvationist effort in that country. Since then, this devoted Officer, who holds the Order of the Foundry, has, during spells of restored health, commanded the Training Garrison in Copenhagen. But while doing abundant scope and blessing in that sphere of North European culture, the Brigadier still thinks with wistful yearning of the rugged, lovable Russians, so strangely distinct from every other people, for whom it

was amid the stress and difficulties incidental to an epoch-making Revolution—stress and difficulties which, I may say, clustered around railway travelling, for one thing. Yet we went to Novgorod—our little party consisting of a woman Captain, a man Captain, another brother Soldier, and myself. And we went because persons in Novgorod, and notably the leading priest of a monastery there, kept warmly inviting us to go. Why they did so we did not then know, but our Leader, Commissioner Larsson, felt constrained to do as they desired. To obtain permission for the journey was a protracted business, involving many formalities, and even when it was secured we had to stand for several hours waiting our turn to purchase railway tickets. Finally, we got on the train at about ten o'clock on the Saturday evening. Every compartment was crowded, and there was no possibility of getting seats. We, however, improvised parcels containing copies of the Russian 'War Cry' or 'Salvation Messenger' as seals in the corridor. During the all-night journey we were indeed glad of the rest these parcels afforded us, even though we had to keep moving them to let people pass along the corridor. Sleep was out of the question, and the night on that crowded, dirty train, with its sickening atmosphere, seemed very long indeed.

"At our journey's end we were met by a friend who took us to his humble little home. We very much hoped to get some food, but he was only able to give us a cup of 'tea,' made from dried black-currant leaves, and a piece of cured herring. We had been



A typical Russian peasant.

Salvation Despatches from the Territory

Drum-head Capture at Moose Jaw

Winnipeg Citadel Band Marches Up the Main Street

Ensign and Mrs. Cubitt. A splendid start to the weekend's fighting was made on Saturday night at our Open-Air when, after an earnest appeal by the Ensign, a young man volunteered out to the drum-head and, we feel sure, was blessedly saved. All day Sunday God's power was felt. In the afternoon Mrs. Cubitt dedicated the infant daughter of Bandsman and Mrs. George Hill, Jr. At night Adjutant Kerr took the lesson, this being his farewell Meeting. Two persons held up their hands for prayer and we are believing that before long we shall see them at the Mercy-Seat.

An item of interest took place when, during the few minutes in which their train stopped at Moose Jaw, the Winnipeg Citadel Band marched up the main street, playing a stirring march tune. We were pleased to see our Comrades.

Sherbrooke Street

"Rainbow" Brigade of Sunbeams Inaugurated—Two Surrenders at Night

Captain and Mrs. Ede. A bright Meeting was conducted on Thursday night, June 17 by Ensign Houghton and her Corps-Cadet Brigade. The Corps Cadets did excellently well and the Ensign's address from the epistle of Timothy was helpful to those present.

The Sunday Meetings, despite the rain, were well-attended and great blessing resulted. In the morning, Captain Ede in an inspiring address exposed the many crafty temptations of the Devil. The afternoon was given over to the Young People, when a very interesting Meeting was held. Adjutant Greenway, Divisional Scout and Guard Organizer, was the chief visitor and following a bright program in which the Band rendered selections, the Adjutant inaugurated the "Rainbow" Brigade of Sunbeams in an impressive little service. The Brigade, with their Leader, Nola Mawhort, numbering about a score, occupied the platform and looked smart in their uniforms.

Pouring rain did not hinder the crowd attending the Salvation Meeting to any extent and an inspiring time ensued. The Captain spoke on "Six Crowns," followed by a rousing Prayer-Meeting. A young man was spoken to about his soul by a fisher and replied that he would go to the Mercy-Seat when he felt led. The Meeting had almost closed when he suddenly volunteered forward and following his acceptance of Christ, gave a bright testimony.

After the Meeting closed a young woman under conviction sought restoration and claimed victory.

Deputy-Bandmaster Chable has gone on a three-month's business trip in the Province. The Deputy has been a great blessing in the Corps and has the good wishes of every Comrade.

KEEPING MELFORT ON THE MOVE

Visitors Bring Blessings—Two Seekers

Captain Crego and Lieut. Bradbury. Melfort Corps has been receiving much blessing and inspiration during the last few weeks. On Sunday, June 13, we were privileged to have our Divisional Commander with us, accompanied by Mrs. Gosling. From the early morning Kneedrill until the close of the Salvation Meeting we felt God's presence very near and untold blessings resulted. Mrs. Gosling conducted a pleasing ceremony at night, when C.C. Verla Gale was presented with a Bible on behalf of the Canadian Bible Society, this being a reward for the splendid marks she obtained on her Higher Grade Lessons during the past year. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gosling met the members of the Home League and her words of counsel and commendation were very much appreciated. An hour or so

Eight Seekers

at Regina Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughy. Last Saturday night, despite the fact that Adjutant McCaughy and the Band were away at Lumsden we had a rousing Open-Air Meeting which proved a good start for the Sunday Meetings which were very good all day. On Monday night the Corps Cadets took the Meetings, both Open-Air and inside, and gave a good account of themselves. The Spirit of the Master seemed to hover over the Meeting. The address was given by the Corps Cadet Guardian who took for her subject, "The Rich Young Ruler." Before the close of the Meeting we had the joy of seeing eight souls at the Mercy-Seat seeking pardon, including a married couple. We believe that a definite work was done in their hearts.

On Thursday, June 10th, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle conducted the Self-Denial Inauguration in the Citadel, when we were joined by the Officers and Soldiers of Regina 11. The Staff-Captain threw some sides on the screen, and also announced the Self-Denial results of all the Corps in the Division in this manner. These results were heartily applauded by all present, who were glad to see that the Divisional Target has been smashed again this year.—W.G.W.

Visitor at MacLeod

Ensign Barker and Lieut. Little. On June 11, we were favored with a visit from Captain Middleton, who met a

A RED-LETTER DAY AT ESTEVAN

Mother Pilots Husband, Son and Daughter-in-law to Mercy-Seat while Grandmother gives Blessing—Eight Seekers

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. Last Sunday we had a great day of rejoicing. The blessing commenced with the Open-Air on Saturday night and there was still more of it in the "Hot Roll" Kneedrill on Sunday morning. Again in the Holiness Meeting when the Captain took as his text, "Come and dine." God's presence was felt in our midst and in the Prayer-Meeting a young man and his wife went out for Salvation. The young man's father, who has been saved about five weeks and who faithfully takes his stand for God, went out to the Mercy-Seat for Sanctification. The dear mother piloted them—all three. What a time of rejoicing there was when the seekers arose, saved and sanctified and embraced one another, while tears of joy ran down their faces. The dear old grandmother, who is eighty years of age, rose from her seat, and came forward to bless the young people.

For the Salvation Meeting the Hall was filled; we had good singing and some red-

hot testimonies. Mrs. Boyle took, as the subject of her lesson, "Redeeming the time," and in the Prayer-meeting God's power was manifested when one man, whose home was broken up as a result of his drinking habits, his wife and family leaving him, came to the Mercy-Seat. He was shortly afterwards followed by a backslider, and we had a hard battle for this man's soul. His wife and daughter are Soldiers, the latter being a Corps Cadet and Band member.

One Comrade said he had never seen the like of this Sunday since he came into the Army, and another said he would gladly go twenty-eight miles to see another day of victories like this one. "We rejoiced to see the seekers rise from the Mercy-Seat with a determination to be true and faithful. It was certainly a Red-Letter Day and the Meeting closed at a late hour with much rejoicing over the eight souls which had been registered for the day.—A.M.

Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Aeton. On a recent Sunday morning Adjutant Aeton laid great stress on the advantages of a sanctified life. Brother Pitman from Calgary was given a hearty welcome into our midst, as was Lieutenant V. Jackson, who was home on furlough. In the afternoon the Adjutant brought vividly be-

Guards Entertain

Mothers and Babies

Fernie Features Varied Y.P. Activities. Captain Stratton and Lieut. Corsie. On a recent Saturday afternoon the Guards entertained the Cradle Roll members and their mothers. A program was provided after which tea was served, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

We were pleased to have a visit from Captain Morrison for the weekend of May 30th. The Captain was a welcome visitor to the Directory Class and Company Meeting. His words were of great blessing to our young people. The Captain was encouraged to see so many taking such a definite stand, and enjoyed hearing their bright testimonies.

In the Holiness and Salvation Meetings God came very near, and after a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting at night one soul sought Salvation, praise God!

On Thursday night we had a service entitled "The Auction Sale of Children." The children gave the program, and the parts were well done. The people were so delighted we have been asked to repeat this at Coal Creek.—"Warrior."

Interesting Events at Melville

D.C. and T.Y.P.S. Conduct Inspiring Meetings—Two Soldiers Enrolled—Seeker's Darkness Turned to Light

Captain Stocks and Captain Smith. Since our last report we have had some very interesting and helpful times in our Corps. Our Open-Airs have been much better attended lately with splendid crowds listening on Saturday evenings.

Special events have included an enjoyable weekend with Staff-Captain Tuttle who conducted the enrollment of two new Soldiers. We also had a visit from Brother Sims who addressed a large crowd of children in the afternoon and conducted an inspiring Meetings at night.

Our Self-Denial Effort concluded with a smashed Target and much satisfaction and joy in the hearts of all the Soldiers and Recruits. The result of the Day was really fine, this being \$85.00. Some of our Soldiers are working away from the Corps in country places, but miss them very much indeed, but are made glad by victorious reports in their letters.

On a recent Sunday evening we rejoiced over one soul at the Mercy-Seat. Our brother was so unused to Army meetings that he did not even understand that he must kneel at the Penitent Form. He praised God! he rose with the joyous light of Salvation shining in his face.—A.S.

NEVER GIVE UP!

By THE FOUNDER

A young fellow, some time ago, went to the Penitent-Form and professed to get saved, and started to serve God. But, alas! he fell away. However, he did not give up. He tried again; alas! he fell again. Now would you believe it, he tried nineteen times, and nineteen times he went wrong again! But he did not give up even then. He tried once more, and at the twentieth time he got right hold of God, and God got right hold of him, and this time he kept on. Many years have passed away since then, and he has had a useful career, and is now a leading officer in the Army. You must never give up.

On this giving up is the ruin of many. They go wrong here. They start well; they mean right; they intend to go all the way; but, alas! something happens, they make a slip, and then they say, "There, I've broken it—I'm done." Then they lose heart and think, "It's no use my trying again."

Now, whatever happens, you must not give up. No, a thousand times no. You must say, "I don't mean to break. I hope I'll never go wrong. I'll pray and do my best to keep right; but if I do break, I'll try again. I'll never give up!"

number of young people in the afternoon, in connection with the Scout and Guard Movement. The prospects here are good for a Sunbeam Brigade. At night the Captain conducted a Meeting, when all present were helped and blessed.—B.L.C.V.

fore our minds the need of being right with God and prepared for the Lord's great day. At night, following an appropriate solo by Sister Mrs. Stanton Adjutant Aeton again proclaimed the word of God to a capacity audience.—A.K.A.

of the Meeting at the close of which two young men sought the Saviour. As Melfort is the home Corps of these two Officers their visits are always looked forward to and their help in the Corps is appreciated.

Our numbers have been augmented by the arrival of two Comrades from Saskatoon II, Bandmaster and Mrs. Carter. These Comrades are real Salvationists and we give them a hearty welcome to our Corps.

We are praising God for a great Self-Denial victory. The Effort was attacked with great enthusiasm and the Comrades all did well, and we are thus able to report a large increase over last year's total. We feel that special mention should be made of Captain Carswell's assistance during the Effort. His enthusiasm was catching and the Target was well smashed for all the Comrades "had a mind to work."

"Zacheus."

The Ca

Being the Au

Chapter I

THE LITTLE LOG HUT AT BARRIE

GEORGE ADAMS emigrated to Canada with his young wife and first child in the early seventies. He had found in the early years, and so, leaving his wife, with the baby in Toronto, he pushed on by boat and on foot to Muskoka. There he staked out his farm, got a brush fence about it, and began to dig a well. He then became convinced of the impossibility of making any income from it for years to come. He was terribly bitten by mosquitoes and black flies, so he decided to leave it, and get a job in some town.

He went some forty miles south by foot and by boat, and arriving in Barrie, a small thriving town, camped two nights in the open. What was the use of spending precious money for lodgings? The he found work in a brick yard. He was an ambitious and artistically inclined man, and any young man of twenty-five years of age, but Bessie and the baby had to be provided for, and so, although rather light and frail of build for such heavy work, nevertheless he undertook it.

The longing to possess his own home was still strong upon him, and with his first earnings he bought four acres of land, covered with small brush and some timber. Very soon he had arranged the logs for one room, covered it with a roof and put in a floor, two windows and a door. Then he sent for Bessie and the baby to come home. They were poor, but oh! so happy.

Then their first winter came. The snow rose several feet about their cabin, and mountains high in the drifts. The pine sighed and cracked as they swayed in the storms, and the zero weather was terrible. Bessie always had a good supply of wood, and frequently the stove was red hot. At night they covered the beds with the warm Paisley shawls which Bessie had worn so proudly in her girlhood, and which were exceptionally cold, the walls, however, were utilized and aided in keeping out the frost. Very often in the morning the snow which had blown in through the cracks in the cabin lay in rifts across the bed.

Then came their first Christmas, Canada, and with it tender thoughts

Officers are Wedded

Captain J. Sullivan and Lieutenant Sweetnam United in Marriage at Vancouver

A very pleasing ceremony was held at the Vancouver II Hall on Thursday evening, June 24th, when Brigadier Lumsden presided at the wedding of Captain J. Sullivan of the Men's Social Department Vancouver, and Lieutenant Ann Sweetnam of the Staff of the Vancouver Maternity Hospital. Long before the hour announced for the ceremony, the Hall, which had been prettily decorated by Mrs. Captain Martin, was crowded with guests, and much interest was evinced as our Comrades, supported respectively by Captains II, Martin and Captain Partridge, took their places on the platform, to the tune of a lively piano solo. The Meeting opened with the singing of an appropriate song, "O Lord, I'm glad to be ready," after which Lt. Colonel Martin prayed that God would bless our Comrades in their future life. Major Cummins read the Third Psalm, after which Brigadier Lumsden concluded the wedding ceremony.

Adjutant McAuley, under whom M. Captain Sullivan has worked for the past eight months, paid tribute to her service and her willingness and her love for duty. Major Cummins spoke on behalf of Captain Sullivan. Captain Martin, who was then a Soldier at the Winnipeg Citadel, while Captain Sullivan was still a Soldier, spoke words of

ritory

ESTEVEAN

law to Mercy-Seat
t Seekers

Mrs. Boyle took, as the
sson, "Redeeming the
Prayer-Meeting God's
sted when one man,
roken up as a result of
s, his wife and family
e to the Mercy-Seat.
erwards followed by a
ad a hard battle for
His wife and daughter
latter being a Corps
number.

d he had never seen the
y since he came into
another said he would
ght miles to see another
ke this one. "We re-
seekers rise from the
a determination to be
It was certainly a
the Meeting closed
h much rejoicing over
h had been registered

ertain ers and Babies

Varied Y.P. Activities
on and Lieut. Corsie,
aturday afternoon the
earnings he bought four acres of land
covered with small brush and some
timber. Very soon he had arranged the
logs for one room, covered it with a roof,
and put in a floor, two windows and a
door. Then he sent for Bessie and the
baby to come home. They were poor,
but out so happy.

The longing to possess his own home was
still strong upon him, and with his first
earnings he bought four acres of land
covered with small brush and some
timber. Very soon he had arranged the
logs for one room, covered it with a roof,
and put in a floor, two windows and a
door. Then he sent for Bessie and the
baby to come home. They were poor,
but out so happy.

Then their first winter came. The snow
rose several feet about their cabin, and
mountains high in the drifts. The pines
sighed and creaked as they swayed in the
storms, and the zero weather was terrible.
Bessie always had a good supply of wood
and frequently the stove was red hot. At
night they covered the beds with the
warm Paisley shawls which Bessie had
worn so proudly in her girlhood, and when
exceptionally cold, the mats, always
clean, were utilized and aided in keeping
out the frost. Very often in the mornings
the snow which had blown in through the
cracks in the cabin lay in rifts across the
bed.

Then came their first Christmas in
Canada, and with it tender thoughts of
their English home. Little Bessie, who
the outlook in Canada was so different
out day after day, with the snow on
his shoulder. Beyond the door was a
of wood to saw there a white, and
of course this meant little Bessie.
They could not have a Christmas tree
that year for Christmas, but a fine roast
of pork was prepared for much less
money than it could be had in the States.
The kind hearted grocer gave Mrs. Adams two
pounds of candy, and she bought a pound
of nuts. When Christmas morning dawned
the air was biting cold without, but the

smiled reassuringly as he handed him a
bulky parcel and a letter from England.
How happy George was as he made his
way home to the cabin. Here Bessie and
the five year old girlie waited as George
cut the string and opened the parcel. A
nice print cotton dress for the baby, with
three bows of blue ribbon on it; a hand-
kerchief for Bessie with her monogram,
and a pair of socks for George. And they
opened Grandma's lovely motherly letter
with the pressed chrysanthemum blossom
gathered from the pot in the window seat
at home, and the small Christmas card,

began in the little church in the town.
George trudged sturdily through the
deep snow, and attended the service and
soon became convinced that he was a
sinner, and greatly in need of God's
saving grace. In time, he, with others,
knelt at the altar railing, and confessing
their sins, found salvation through faith
in Christ's atoning blood. At once he
set up the family altar and Bessie thought-
fully regarded him, and longed, too, to
be saved. But she did not go to the
services, the baby must be cared for and
the fire kept burning, for wood burns out
so soon. Then also there was another
reason, which was perhaps, the strongest
for not going out often during that first
cold winter in Canada. She was glad
George was saved, for sometimes she had
felt he was lacking in some essentials
which go to make a good husband, and
she would not keep him at home to bear
her company, no, not for a thousand
worlds. So she kept the longing to be
also converted a secret from him, and did
not yet know the same peace through
believing. When the lovely month of
May came, and the melted snows having
sunk into the ground, gave place to the
grass and trees and the flowers, when the
old world smiled as though it had never
known a winter—was Elizabeth was
born.

Four years passed away and two more
children came to the emigrants home,
with the eldest, making the number four.

It was Sunday morning, and within the
dear old homestead at Barrie all was
happy. Elizabeth, now aged four, and
her younger sister, Mary, were preparing
for the great event of the week, the
church Sunday school. Seated before the
older sister of ten years, who held tem-
porarily the position of teacher, they were
eagerly devouring the message. Today
the lesson was to be on the "Transfigura-
tion." The only help this teacher pos-
sessed was a small card. On one side of
this card was depicted the glory of the
Mount, and by means of much gilt, the
picture itself proved a wondrous attraction
to the eyes of the two tiny scholars.
On the other side of the card—that upon
which the teacher based her remarks—
was the printed lesson in abbreviated
form, supplemented by the "Golden
Text" and "Truths" to be instilled into
these young minds. At the end of the
story, the text, "This is my beloved Son
in Whom I am well pleased," was recited
by each child in turn and so the lesson
concluded.

Such are the first memories connected,
by Elizabeth, with her early childhood.
Although the class was small, and the
methods very primitive, yet Elizabeth
admits that the preparation gained un-
consciously by at least one of the scholars,
for the lessons to be learned later in life,
proved both educational and spiritual.

(To be continued)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

The Calling of Elizabeth

Being the Autobiography of a Canadian Woman Officer

Chapter I

THE LITTLE LOG HUT AT BARRIE

GEORGE ADAMS emigrated to Can-
ada with his young wife and first
child in the early seventies. He had fond
dreams of owning a farm, and so, leaving
Bessie, his wife, with the baby in Toronto,
he pushed on by boat and on foot to
Muskoka. There he staked out his farm,
put a brush fence about it, and began to
dig a well. He then became convinced
of the impossibility of making any in-
come from it for years to come. He was
terribly bitten by mosquitoes and black
flies, so he decided to leave it, and get a
job in some town.

He went some forty miles south by
foot and by boat, and arriving in Barrie,
a small thriving town, camped two nights
in the open. What was the use of spend-
ing precious money for lodgings? Then
he found work in a brick yard. He was
an ambitious and artistically inclined as
any young man of twenty-five years of
age, but Bessie and the baby had to be
provided for, and so, although rather
tired, nevertheless he undertook it.

The longing to possess his own home was
still strong upon him, and with his first
earnings he bought four acres of land
covered with small brush and some
timber. Very soon he had arranged the
logs for one room, covered it with a roof,
and put in a floor, two windows and a
door. Then he sent for Bessie and the
baby to come home. They were poor,
but out so happy.

Then their first winter came. The snow
rose several feet about their cabin, and
mountains high in the drifts. The pines
sighed and creaked as they swayed in the
storms, and the zero weather was terrible.
Bessie always had a good supply of wood
and frequently the stove was red hot. At
night they covered the beds with the
warm Paisley shawls which Bessie had
worn so proudly in her girlhood, and when
exceptionally cold, the mats, always
clean, were utilized and aided in keeping
out the frost. Very often in the mornings
the snow which had blown in through the
cracks in the cabin lay in rifts across the
bed.

Then came their first Christmas in
Canada, and with it tender thoughts of

their English home. Little Bessie, who
the outlook in Canada was so different
out day after day, with the snow on
his shoulder. Beyond the door was a
of wood to saw there a white, and
of course this meant little Bessie.
They could not have a Christmas tree
that year for Christmas, but a fine roast
of pork was prepared for much less
money than it could be had in the States.
The kind hearted grocer gave Mrs. Adams two
pounds of candy, and she bought a pound
of nuts. When Christmas morning dawned
the air was biting cold without, but the



Sunday morning in the old Barrie homestead.

fires burned brightly within. Bessie had
tacked up some sprays of cedar with
which the little place abounded, and the
wee log cabin bore quite an air of festivity.
Bessie cooked the dinner, including the
very fine Christmas pudding which she
knew so well how to make, and George
went to town to see if, possibly, Santa
Claus would come by mail. He spoke as
indifferently as possible when he asked
the old postmaster if there was anything
for George Adams, but the postmaster

adorned with the little English robin with
a very red breast, and the holly and the
mistletoe, a typical English card. Only
very homesick English emigrants can
guess how precious all this simple ex-
pression of love and thought was to
George and Bessie and the girlie. "After
all," said Bessie, as they blew out the
lamp preparatory to going to sleep,
"Christmas in Canada is nearly as good
as it is in England."

A little after the New Year a revival

Officers are Wedded

Captain J. Sullivan and Lieutenant A.
Sweetnam United in Marriage
at Vancouver

A very pleasing ceremony was held in
the Vancouver 11 Hall on Thursday
evening, June 9th, when Brigadier Lay-
man conducted the wedding of Captain
John Sullivan of the Men's Social Depart-
ment Vancouver, and Lieutenant Annie
Sweetnam of the Staff of the Vancouver
Maternity Hospital. Long before the
hour announced for the ceremony, the
Hall, which had been prettily decorated
by Mrs. Captain Martin, was crowded to
capacity and much interest was evinced
as our Grandsons, supported respectively
by Captain H. Martin and Captain
Partridge took their places on the plat-
form, to the tune of a lively pianoforte
march. The Meeting opened with the
singing of that appropriate song, "Oh,
I'm glad you're ready," after which Lt.
Colonel Macleay prayed that God would
bless our Grandsons in their future
life. Major Cummings read the Twenty-
Third Psalm after which Brigadier Lay-
man conducted the wedding ceremony.

Adjutant Macleay, under whom Mrs.
Captain Sullivan has worked for the past
eight months, paid tribute to her service,
her willingness and her love for duty.
Major Cummings spoke on behalf of Cap-
tain Sullivan, a Soldier at the Winnipeg
Club who, Captain Sullivan was at-
tended when his assistant, spoke words of

appreciation and thanks. He also read
some congratulatory telegrams. Captain
Partridge spoke on behalf of Mrs. Sullivan.
After this both Captain and Mrs. Sullivan,
by their ringing testimonies, proved that
they are out and out for God and His King-
dom.

A word of appreciation to the Band
would not be out of place. Despite the
fact that they had had an engagement
the previous night, a hundred per cent
Band was present at the wedding of these
two Officers, who have been hard-working
Soldiers of Vancouver 11 during their
stay in the city.

Captain Sullivan was a member of the
"Valiant" Session of Cadets, and was
Commissioned in 1923 as Lieutenant and
appointed as assistant to Commandant
Carroll at Winnipeg Citadel. From there,
he went to Swan River and was then ap-
pointed to Maple Creek. He is now in the
Men's Social Department, Vancouver.
Mrs. Sullivan was a member of the "War-
rior" Session, and was Commissioned in
1925 to the Vancouver Maternity Hospi-
tal, with the rank of Lieutenant.—S.C.P.

William Booth

(Continued from page 5)

hostility and an almost boundless in-
difference. Surrounded by his little band
of disciples he confronted the ridicule and
hatred, the scorn, and the bitter malice
of perhaps the most god-forsaken and degraded
places in the world. It was like preaching
in hell.

The Salvation Army, 1878

At the same time when he transformed
The Christian Mission into The Salvation
Army and became a figure of world-wide
significance and a target for bitter hatred
and scorn of nearly the whole community,
William Booth had made himself master
of The Christian Mission.

With this revolution in the machinery
of the Mission a fresh impetus was given
to its work, both in London and the
provinces. It became, one may say, from
that moment, The Salvation Army. Men
and women surrendered their lives to the
inspiration of William Booth, went where-
ever he ordered them to go, did whatsoever
he bidden them to do, and suffered without
murmur or complaint hardships hardly
to be exceeded at the most distant bound-
aries of the Foreign Mission Field.

The account of the August Congress
tells us that the Mission "has organized a
Salvation Army to carry the Blood of
Christ and the Fire of the Holy Ghost into
every corner of the world."

At that time the volunteer military
movement was established and was receiv-
ing derisive treatment at the hands of the
public. The phrase occurred in the article
which Mr. Railton was writing, "We are
a volunteer army."

William Booth leaned over Mr. Rail-
ton's shoulder, took the pen from his
hand and scratched out the word "Volun-
teer" and wrote in its place the word
"Salvation."

"The effect," says Mr. Bramwell Booth,

"of that one word upon Railton and me
was really quite extraordinary. We both
sprang from our chairs. I remember that
I exclaimed 'Thank God for that!' and
Railton was equally enthusiastic."

The decision really marked the begin-
ning of that policy which was to make
The Salvation Army world-wide. The
old question of limiting or narrowing its
messages in any way was now settled
forever. The change of name meant an
actual warfare upon sin and apathy. It
meant a forward movement; it was a
definite call to arms.

We must now break from this interest-
ing narrative by Harold Begbie and finish
by giving a few details with regard to the
astonishing growth of the movement.

From one small Mission in the East
End of London The Salvation Army has
spread throughout the world until today
its flag flies in eighty-one different coun-
tries and colonies, its Soldiers preach
Salvation in fifty-three different languages,
its Corps and Institutions number 16,000,
over 21,000 Officers and Cadets spend
their entire time in Salvation Army work,
36,000 Bandsmen publish the glad tidings
with their music, 87,693 Local Officers
give strength and stability and local
direction to its operations and it issues
ninety-five different "War Cries" and
other periodicals with a circulation of
1,500,000 per issue.

This is the living monument which has
been erected to the glory of God and to the
memory of our beloved Founder, William
Booth.

ents at Melville

Conduct Inspiring
Soldiers Enrolled

was Turned to light

and Captain Smith.

art we have had some

helpful times in our

Airs have been much

splendidly with splendid

on Saturday evenings.

have included an an-

Staff-Captain Tette

enrollment of two new

had a visit from Br-

essed a large crowd of

noon and conducted

at night.

Effort concluded with

and much satisfaction.

arts of all the Soldiers

the result of the

this being \$85.00.

Officers are working

country places.

much indeed, but re-

rious reports in the

any evening we rejoice

the Mercy-Seat. The

sed to Army methods

to understand that

Penitent Form, but

with the joyous light

one time in his face.—A.S.

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATION

will take place at

SANDY HOOK and WINNIPEG BEACH

On THURSDAY, JULY 1st

THE COMMISSIONER in Command

Assisted by the CHIEF SECRETARY, T.H.Q. Training Garrison and Social Staffs and all Winnipeg City Officers

Also on SUNDAY, JULY 4th

Special open air meetings will be held at Winnipeg Beach

The Winnipeg III Band will supply the music

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips will say Farewell

We are looking for you

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 318 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1105—Fenton, Alexander, 31 years of age; 150 lbs.; height 6 ft.; dark complexion; born in Ireland. Grey hair, blue eyes. Was lumbering in British Columbia when last heard of. Mother is anxious to hear from him.

1107—Connes, Wilmet, English, 19 years of age; 5 ft., 5 in.; 120 lbs.; fair hair; blue eyes. Single. Missing since August 1925; going to Saskatchewan.

1109—McCullough, Harold Roy, Age 32; 5 ft., 6 in.; 160 lbs.; fair complexion; grey eyes; straight hair. May be working in shipyards at Prince Rupert, B.C. Missing for about two years.

1111—McLaren, William, Missing three years. Worked on the railroad. Anyone knowing his recent address please communicate with us at once.

1114—Nielsen, Anders Peter Thorsvald, 31 years of age. Danish. Will likely be engaged in farming. Wife enquiring.

1117—Ullberg, Hans O., Immigrated to America 22 years ago. For some time lived in Minnesota, later moved to British Columbia. Missing for 17 years. May have changed his name to Hansen or Davidson. Parents anxious for news.

1118—Hansen, Johan Wilhelm, Norwegian. Single, 34 years of age; medium height; blonde hair; blue eyes. Missing six years. Trade: carpenter. Sister is anxious for news.

1122—Kay, Mrs. Margaret B. (nee Waring). Age 50; height 5 ft., 4 in.; light hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; house-keeper. British. News awaits her. (See photo)



S. J. Langum



Mrs. M. B. Kay.

996—Langum, S. J. Scandinavian. Height 5 ft., 9 in.; weight 170 lbs.; black hair; blue eyes; sallow complexion. Farmer. Missing since September, 1924. May be in the vicinity of Regina. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with us. (See photo)

Christ's Power in Soviet Russia

(Continued from page 9)

brief address I asked for the collection and it proved a good one, for the Russians are very generous and would give their last penny where their affections are engaged. From very restricted means, every one tried to give something. Following the collection I read from the Bible and spoke, trying, in the concluding part of my address, to make the occasion a real one of decision. Finally, I asked if there were any who were resolved to follow Christ, whereupon the whole congregation rose to their feet! I thought they did not understand, and so explained that if any wished to lead a new life, would they come forward and kneel at the Mercy-Seat. Then came the wonderful sight of the entire Meeting kneeling. To come forward was of course physically impossible in the throng, and when they had made an unavailing effort to advance they all knelt down where they were and every seat became a Mercy-Seat. It was a wonderful occasion, full of blessing, I think for us all.

"That Meeting did not finish till eight o'clock. When it was over everybody wanted to come forward and shake hands and stay on to converse. One of those present was a representative of the Soviet Government, the Commissar of the town, and he came to me at the close of the gathering with a request that I would visit the office of his department on the following morning, as he wished to speak with me. He had been among those deeply moved during the Meeting, and his manner was very cordial and friendly. However, it was important that I should travel back to Leningrad by the night train, and so I arranged for our man-officer to stay behind and visit the Commissar. He did so, and at the interview next morning the Commissar asked if the Army was intending permanently to establish itself in the town. Our Officer explained the position as best he could, and the Commissar then gave formal authority for the Army freely to work in Novgorod, and he promised to render us all the assistance in his power. Unfortunately, it was not immediately possible to go back to Novgorod, and later on our work in Russia was closed down."

The Brigadier, having concluded his account of that Novgorod Meeting, was asked if the occasion were not, in its spiritual aspect, of an exceptional character.

"No," came the reply, "The cir-

Saskatoon II Notes

Adjutant and Mrs. Norberg. On Sunday, May 30, we had two Comrades with us from other parts of the Territory namely, Brother Dibble, late of New Westminster, and now of Melfort, and Bandsman Roberts of Winnipeg VIII. Both these Comrades are travelling salesmen and rejoice in God's Salvation. They fought well with us in Open-Air and inside Meetings. Bandsman Roberts ably assisting our struggling Band. We regret that Bandsman Carter has been absent for a number of weeks, owing to the fact that he is now working in Melfort.

We recently welcomed to our Corps Brother Huston of Battleford, although he is not able to be with us much owing to his work taking him away frequently.

One seeker volunteered to the Mercy-Seat on Sunday night, getting through well by the help of a Corps-Cadet. On Sunday, June 5, Captain Stocks took the lesson and we rejoiced over one soul. On this occasion Captains Carswell and Neill, and Captain and Mrs. Philp were with us, assisting in many ways. Envoy McPham gave an address on "The City Four-square."

Other visitors to the Corps recently have been Brother and Sister Pickering from the Old Country. Brother and Mrs. Wright from Vancouver were also here for a weekend before going on to Winnipeg.—J.A.P.

Two Souls at Weyburn

Capt. M. Gardner and D. Henderson. Sunday, June 23, we had with us three of the Melville Comrades who are at present in positions at Woodrow, Sask. Their enthusiasm and cheerfulness, along with their earnestness concerning the Kingdom of God won their way into the hearts of the Weyburn Comrades.

The Sunday morning Message was given by Candidate E. Engle and proved a blessing to those present. Bro. J. Engle did his part at the Drum and in the testimonies; Bro. J. Downey read the scriptures at night.

The efforts of the day were crowned with great rejoicing over two souls at the Cross. To God be the glory.—S.I.

circumstances of the invitation, and the fact of going on such a distant campaign at such a time certainly were exceptional, but there was really nothing unusual in the fervor of the people or their preparedness and eagerness to receive the Message. That represented a constant experience with us, not only in the city, but more notably in the constant succession of two-week campaigns we prosecuted, right up to the last, in surrounding villages."

Coming Events

LT.-COLONEL McLEAN

Vancouver Prison Sun., Aug. 1
Chilliwack Sat.-Thurs., Aug. 7-12

STAFF-CAPTAIN HANSELL AND ADJUTANT DAVIES

Portage la Prairie Thurs., July 8
Indian Head Fri., July 9
Regina Sat., Sun., July 10, 11
Moose Jaw Mon., July 12
Swift Current Tues., July 13
Maple Creek Wed., July 14
Medicine Hat Thurs., July 15
Calgary Fri.-Sun., July 16-18
Victoria Wed., July 21

ADJUTANT DAVIES

Penticton Tues., Aug. 10
Nelson Thurs., Aug. 12
Cranbrook Fri., Aug. 13
Fernie Sat., Sun., Aug. 14, 15
Macleod Tues., Aug. 17
Red Deer Thurs., Aug. 19
Wetaskiwin Fri., Sat., Aug. 20, 21
Edmonton Sun.-Tues., Aug. 22-24
Vegreville Wed., Aug. 25
Vermilion Thurs., Aug. 26
N. Battleford Fri., Sat., Aug. 27, 28
Kamsack Tues., Aug. 31
Humboldt Sun., Aug. 29
Portage la Prairie Wed., Sept. 1

Lethbridge

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones. On Sunday, June 13, in the absence of the Commandant, who was attending special Meetings at Calgary, the Meetings were taken by Corps Sergeant-Major Mundy and throughout the day they were well attended. Some good work was done, despite the fact that there were no definite decisions.

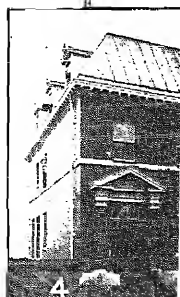
Recently we had the pleasure of a visit from Captain Middleton, Divisional Scout and Guard Organizer. A hearty welcome was extended to the Captain from a gathering of more than fifty Scouts and Guards. He delivered an address on the work of the Life-Saving Organization.

Lieutenant L. Joyce was recently here on a visit of three weeks, and we were pleased to see him. The Lieutenant came out of Lethbridge Corps.—J.C.C.

A most unusual crowd was present for laying the corner-stone of the Citadel at Danville, Illinois. Besides the large number of business and professional people there was a band of Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge Reservation. Among these was Sitting Bull Jr., youngest son of the famous war chief Sitting Bull.



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
191 Queen Victoria St., London
VOL. VII. No. 28. P.



Daup

(1) Ensign and Mrs. J. Memorial. (6) The fir